Messengers of the Cross In Latin America

Amy N. Hinshaw

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FOREWORD

DEAR NAZARENES:

The purpose of this little booklet is to introduce to you a group of our own Nazarene missionaries—those who are carrying the gospel message into the darkened regions of Latin-America.

To know these "Messengers of the Cross" is to love them. So we are trusting that the sight of their pictured faces, with the stories of their heroic achievements, will cause you to love them better, to pray for them more earnestly, and to take a more active interest in Nazarene foreign missions.

May God bless you every one, and may He grant to the Church of the Nazarene that *vision* which will enable her to push her spiritual conquests to earth's remotest bounds.

A. N. H.

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Peru Group

ROGER S. WINANS AND ESTHER CARSON WINANS APOSTLES TO THE AGUARUNAS

On the first day of November 1914, Roger S. Winans landed in Pacasmayo, Peru. He was accompanied by his wife and baby. We have no record of the date of his birth or the land that he hailed from. He steps into the picture a full-fledged missionary, with his armor on. But we do know that he was a man of God, a man with a "vision." Because the call of God was upon him, his face was turned toward the interior, and his eyes were fixed upon the distant peaks of the Andes where the Aguaruna Indians roam, far from the haunts of civilization, sunken in the depths of paganism, strangers to God and to His saving grace. The evangelization of these "forest Indians" was Roger Winans' "vision," but years of faithful toil and of patient waiting must intervene before the much desired goal can be attained.

Roger Winans came to Peru without the financial support of church or organization. He was dependent upon the Everlasting Arm, supplemented by his own efforts, to finance his evangelistic work and to provide a living for his family. The first year in Peru was one of hardship and privation which is passed over in his account with a single word. Oh! these heroic pioneers of the Cross! Volumes could be filled with the toils and the sufferings which make up the sum of missionary achievement in the dark lands where the sunlight of the gospel has never penetrated. But they are always cheerfully borne in silence, and the outside world knows nothing of them.

Fortunately both Roger Winans and his wife were familiar with Latin-American customs, and they were equipped with a good working knowledge of the Spanish language. Consequently English teaching, supplemented by colporteur service and other gospel work tided them over the first year. Next followed a period devoted entirely to colportage work under the employ of the British and Foreign Bible Society. During the greater part of this time Mr. Winans was at Callao, acting as superintendent of colporteurs.

But in 1917 he resigned this position to accept the appointment of missionary under the Church of the Nazarene, which had taken over territory in northern Peru. With a few former students as a nucleus, the new Nazarene mission at Pacasmayo was opened March 11, 1917. The "vision" never ceased to beckon from the distant hill-tops, but the time was not yet. The coast work must first be established. In the beginning the work was principally with children who persisted in attending the meetings in spite of the opposition of parents and priests. Soon, however, the new cause attracted the favorable attention of a number of substantial people in Chepen, Guadelupe and other towns. Then, in 1918, new missionaries came —Miss Mabel Park from Ohio and Miss Esther Carson from

California. A native preacher was employed to carry the gospel into the mountains. Also the work of Rev. and Mrs. Stevens at Monsefu was turned over to the Church of the Nazarene. The blessing of God was on the mission, and its prospects were brightening.

But in the midst of gladness, sorrow was also present. A few weeks after the arrival of the missionaries, Mrs. Winans slipped away to her heavenly home. The arduous labors of pioneer life had taken a heavy toll from her vitality. So she was not able to resist the attack of malaria, complicated with pneumonia and brain fever, which followed the birth of her third child, baby Paul. She yielded her life a willing sacrifice for God and Latin-America, and her windswept grave in a foreign land bears silent testimony to her heroism and devotion. The baby, a delicate child, after a few months of careful nursing by Miss Carson, also slipped away to meet his mother in a land where there is no pain and no crying. The two boys, Joel and John, are now with friends, attending school at Pasadena. The loss of a missionary so capable and so experienced as Mrs. Winans was keenly felt by the Pacasmayo mission. But God had His plan, and the work went on.

Late in 1919 Miss Augie Holland came to help Miss Park at Pacasmayo. Other re-enforcements came later. Still the heavenly "vision" lingered on the far-away peaks of the Aguarunas! On the wings of the night the plaintive voices of those forest Indians were wafted to the listening ear of the missionary. "Come! oh come, over here and help us," they seemed to cry.

And, to his surprise, Roger Winans discovered that he was not the only one who heard those cries. There was another who dreamed of dusky hands beckoning to her from the shadows of the interior; one with a call identical with his own! one whom God had been preparing through the years

to be his yoke-fellow in the important work to which both were called. She was already at his side—Esther Carson—a slight, fair girl with deep, serious eyes and soft hair framing her spiritual face; Esther Carson, with her brilliant gifts all laid at the Master's feet; her strength, her time, her thought, her superior intellect, her spiritual personality; her all a willing sacrifice upon God's altar. The inevitable took place. It was a part of God's plan. Roger Winans and Esther Carson joined hands in holy wedlock, henceforth to labor together, following the "vision" until their life work shall be accomplished.

They remained two more years at Monsefu, and then in 1922 an attack of malarial fever necessitated a change. The Rademachers came to take their places in Monsefu, and the Winans were sent to San Miguel. A part of his convalescence was employed by Mr. Winans circuit-riding in the Andes mountain towns. This was attended with much danger. At one time both he and his precious wife were captured by bandits and cruelly *beaten*. The robbers intended to murder both missionaries, but their evil designs were in conflict with the divine plan. The victims were finally released.

Soon after this hard experience the longed-for opportunity came at last—the time to pull up stakes and actually turn their steps toward the distant hills of "vision." Their journey led over precipitous mountain trails which only the sturdy little beasts of burden indigenous to the country could travel. Of these the Winans possessed only four. They must be loaded with the few earthly possessions that the pioneers considered indispensable. The luggage must be very light. Consequently all furniture was left behind. Only the bedding, a very few cooking utensils, the favorite books and a small typewriter were taken.

Thus equipped, the missionary party started on their peril-

ous journey, the intrepid missionary, with his gentle, gifted wife and baby, attended by one Peruvian helper, with his wife and baby. Patiently they climbed the mountain trails which wound their tortuous way up steep and rocky paths, skirting the edges of frightful precipices, exposed to sun and wind and rain; sleeping on the open ground at night, cooking over an open fire; surrounded by dangers on every hand. But our travelers pursued their rugged way with thankful hearts, and with a song on their lips! For did not each step bring them nearer to the mountain peaks and the wild Indians of their vision? Oh matchless vision! boundless love! like the love of the Son of God who climbed the steep side of Calvary, bearing his Cross! After three weeks of this arduous travel our missionaries found themselves in Jaen, a little town in the foot-hills of the Andes, only three days journey from the Aguarunas. This place, Mrs. Winans writes, will be their headquarters "for many years, if Jesus tarries."

After a short time the missionaries moved to Pomera, the first of the Arguaruna villages. Mrs. Winans' account of this trip may be found in the March, 1925, issue of "The Other Sheep." It should be read to be appreciated. It gives a graphic picture of pioneer experience, and affords a revelation of the unflinching courage and the sweet optimism of this devoted little woman which is most interesting. Traveling on mule-back through dense forests, over steep, slippery paths, through a swarm of excited, angry wasps, and suffering with intermittent fever, she is able to "pray and sing and study Aguaruna vocabularies and phrase lists and keep a baby happy all day!

"Pomera, town of my beloved Aguarunas! I am so happy! Can speak their language a little, and every day learn a little more. Hallelujah."

Could you, dear Nazarene sister, be happy and content

living in a hut with a "ground floor," your few pieces of furniture hewed from the buttresses of the Ceiba tree and "planted" on posts driven in the floor? Would you like to cook—all the time—on a stove constructed of cobble-stones, with only an iron top and a "jacket-oven" built around the chimney? My Nazarene brother, how would you like sleeping on a bed such as Roger Winans, hewed out of a single piece of wood, "planted" like the other furniture, on posts driven into the ground floor, without mattress or springs, only "plenty of blankets?"

And the "adversaries" which Mrs. Winans catalogs in a recent leaflet! "Flies, gnats, fleas, cockroaches, poisonous worms, spiders, lizards, vipers, mosquitoes, fevers, centipedes, scorpions, lice, vampires, boa-constrictors, bears, tigers, mountain lions, jaguars, disease germs, demon-possessed sinners, and demons themselves!" Yet the little missionary declares that they are "in nothing terrified" by any of these, but amid their primitive surroundings are busy and happy, telling the gospel story in homes and villages, dispensing medicines, pulling teeth, ministering to diseased bodies, teaching and preaching, and exploring the vast territory of their beloved Aguarunas, the home of 25,000 Indians, all of whom speak the same language. Once each month they go, or send, to Jaen for their mail, and once each year they traverse the long, tedious journey back to the coast to enjoy the Annual Assembly near Chiclayo, and to lay in their year's provisions.

But their vision of the evangelization of the whole tribe of Agurunas is materializing under their Spirit-guided ministry. The task is a great one, and the progress slow. The Aguarunas are entirely crude, and have everything to learn, but they are practically untouched by Roman Catholic influence, hence they respond more readily to the gospel than do the Spanish-speaking people of the coast.

One of their most remarkable achievements is their mastery

of the Aguaruna tongue—a language of the wilds which has never been committed to writing. Without the aid of a teacher, with no text-books in existence, these gifted people have caught the words as they dropped from the lips of the untutored savages, and from them they have compiled a vocabulary and constructed a grammar. They are making elementary text-books, translating portions of the Scripture, and composing and translating leaflets. They are doing for Aguarunaland what John Paton did for the New Hebrides. In fact, Roger and Esther Winans may be ranked among the world's *great pioneer missionaries.*

In the summer of 1926, Mrs. Winans, with her two children, returned to the United States for a few months' furlough. The "rest" which she enjoyed was a change of occupation rather than cessation of labor, for the greater part of her furlough was employed in delivering missionary addresses and touring districts—chiefly the Indiana, Northern California, and New York—in the interest of her Aguaruna work and of missions in general. Then on June 7, 1927, she set sail once more to rejoin her husband in their Aguarunaland. This time she leaves her little son Roger, seven years old, to attend school, with the older Winans boys, in Pasadena. This would seem cruelly hard, but as a partial recompence, Mrs. Winans is permitted to take her parents to Peru with her. They have sold out, determining to spend the remnant of their days with their daughter among the Indians of the forest.

Upon the pier at San Francisco, waiting for her boat to start for Peru, our missionary writes: "Father and mother are happy, though a little weary with packing—The three boys and the little 'borrowed' Peruvian girl will be in school—Though scattered we are one in Christ Jesus. Our Father is God, and as I look back over a year spent among thousands of Nazarene members of His family, there are no home ties to

compare with the deep, intense, eternal joy of celestial family love. I belong to you all—and we all belong to Him. Content, grateful, ready for more of the battle that is the Lord's, I am yours and His."

Dear Nazarenes, what shall we do with our peerless missionaries? Shall we neglect them, and turn a deaf ear to their pleadings for re-enforcement and equipment? God forbid! for He will hold us responsible for our treatment of them. Let us remember them in earnest, intercessory prayer every day. Let us fill our Indian-head Penny Banks to overflowing, and shower upon our missionaries substantial tokens of our love and appreciation, so that their hands may be strengthened, and they may be able to sweep through open doors, and push their spiritual conquests to the farthest boundaries of Aguarunaland.

MISS MABEL PARK

Mabel Park was born of Christian parents, and reared on a farm near New Albany, Ohio. The home life at the Park homestead was beautiful, and its influence most godly. The family were affiliated with the United Brethren Church. Miss Mabel attended the schools near home and had some experience as a school teacher before she entered Taylor University. She came to that institution in 1913, for the purpose of preparing herself for missionary service in the foreign field. She was enrolled in the College Department.

A friend describes Miss Mabel at that period of her life as a beautiful girl with a clear complexion, a lovely smile, a sunny disposition, and a warm heart filled with love for God and for humanity. Her personality was altogether charming, and her associates quickly learned to love her. Her nature was warmly affectionate, and her sympathies most tender. It was her habit to "mother" any girl who appeared lonely, or who seemed to be in need of sympathy. In one of her letters she remarks, "I feel that it will be part of my ministry to go to those who are lonely and those who need love."

Miss Park remained at Taylor University two years, but in September of 1915 she entered the Chicago Evangelistic Institute where she completed her College Course. During the two years of her attendance at that excellent training school Miss

Park applied herself to her studies with great diligence, taking an average of sixteen hours a week, besides all the visitation and domestic work required. She also taught a Sunday school class of young ladies, and instructed two young Chinese in a Chinese Sunday school. Her diligence brought its own reward, for in May, 1917, she graduated with honor, receiving both college and post-graduate degrees.

While at the Institute Miss Park opened a correspondence with the Missionary Board of the Church of the Nazarene. Shortly before her graduation she received the following message from the Board. "We feel that your educational advantages are such that you would be able to fill a great need in our work in South America. We feel the need of a qualified teacher in our station at Pacasmayo, Peru." Miss Park expressed herself as delighted with this offer, but a whole year elapsed before the necessary arrangements for her departure were completed.

But "all things come to those that wait." On the evening of June 25, 1918, Mabel Park bade good-by to her loved ones in the old home, and started on her long journey to Peru. Very soon the young missionary began to realize, as she had not before, that she was going away from home—very far away, and for how long she did not know. But immediately Jesus whispered softly, "The farther from home, the nearer Peru." The thought sustained her and brought inexpressible peace and blessing to her soul. She visited the Nazarene Headquarters at Kansas City, and other points of interest. When she arrived at Oakland, California, she met Miss Esther Carson who was to be her companion on the long sea voyage and her associate in the mission in Peru. Truly it was a happy meeting. Miss Holland says of these two, "Miss Carson and Miss Park were intimate friends from that itme. They were true co-laborers."

On July 6 the two missionaries set sail on the San Jose, and were wafted out to sea to the music of gospel songs sung by a crowd of interested Nazarenes on the wharf. The voyage was a delightful one, with very little seasickness. They touched at one port in Mexico, and another in Central America, and were allowed the privilege of going through the celebrated Panama Canal. Finally, on Saturday evening, August 10, 1918, the good ship reached Pacasmayo, Peru, just five weeks after leaving San Francisco. The new missionaries were warmly greeted by Rev. and Mrs. Winans and their little family. The occasion was one of glad thanksgiving, and the missionaries were at once initiated into the routine of the school and the mission work.

But sorrow often follows close upon the heels of joy, and duties unexpected and not planned for soon engaged much of the attention and the time of the missionaries. Mrs. Winans was in a very delicate condition of health. On September 1 baby Paul Winans was born, and two weeks later the mother slipped away from this world of pain to her heavenly home. This sad event left the care of three motherless babies with Miss Carson and Miss Park. Miss Carson assumed charge of the young infant, while Miss Park looked after the other children and the housework, in addition to the school work and the mission. Rev. Winans soon went to Monsefu, leaving the mission at Pacasmayo in the hands of the lady missionaries.

From August 1918 until December 1925 Mabel Park served the Nazarene missions without a break, laboring first at Pacasmayo, later at Monsefu and Chiclayo. In a recent letter she says: "We have found the duties of a missionary are multiple. Mine have been as teacher, preacher, evangelist, editor, nurse, personal worker, advisor, bookkeeper, treasurer, and many others too numerous to mention." Once while in school at Chicago Institute, she wrote to a friend; "I have often won-

dered why the Lord called me to the mission field when I find it impossible to speak in public.—But one evening, while praying, the Lord seemed to show me myself *going from house to house* in some mission field, pointing individuals to the Lamb of God!" Evidently the missionary must have learned to "speak in public" as one learns many things through necessity, but the personal touch has always been a leading feature of Miss Park's ministry, wherever she may be. While evangelizing at a place called Motupe, a mother and five daughters were saved at one visit, and when the missionary returned to the same place a few days later, three other members of the same family were saved. Truly there is healing in the touch of a Spirit-filled life!

Miss Park's experiences on her evangelistic trips have been similar to those of other Latin-American missionaries—traveling long weary miles on donkey-back, sometimes in ox-carts, occasionally short distances on trains, but frequently walking by the side of the beasts of burden which carry the organ and other necessary supplies; riding mile after mile in the scorching heat; "eating native cooked food hot with green peppers; cooking over bonfires; sleeping on dirt floors with multitudes of mice, fleas and cockroaches." But the devoted missionary esteems these little annoyances as "light afflictions" compared to the pure joy of carrying the gospel to those "other sheep," who have never heard of Jesus. And how hungry they are—those poor sheep! How they crowd around the sweet missionary, to catch her message, to hear her sing, and to ask eager questions about the way of life!

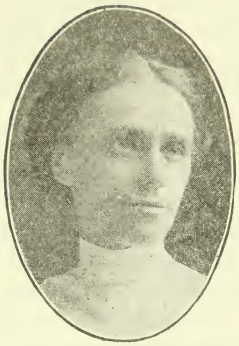
In December 1925 the knell of the retrenchment had sounded, and Miss Park was one of the five missionaries recalled from Peru. She had refused her furlough when due, because of the work's great need, but this time orders were imperative. In company with the McHenrys and the Trues,

the faithful missionary sailed away to her loved ones at home, after an absence of more than seven years. But she was more fortunate than some of the other missionaries, for her furlough proved to be of short duration. Owing to the desperate need in Peru, the Board decided to return her to her station at Monsefu.

On April 4, 1927, Miss Park reached Monsefu, where she received a rapturous greeting from Brother and Sister Walworth and a large group of Peruvian Christians and former pupils. On the very next day the beloved teacher took up her school duties, and made her plans for visiting in the homes.

Miss Park first heard the whisper of the Holy Spirit calling her to the foreign field soon after she was sanctified, when twenty years of age. The "call" came to her during her quiet hour of prayer before retiring. She was asking the Lord what He would have her do for Him. The answer was clear and decisive, and Miss Park has never doubted it, or regretted it, even at times when the battle has been hardest. God's protecting care has preserved amid persecutions and dangers, and our missionary declares that she "would rather work for Him here [in Peru] than exchange places with the richest or the greatest." She also says, "We feel as we give out the Word that His Spirit is working, and He assures us our labor is not in vain." That missions pay is proved by "the changed lives of the brethren, their shining faces, their fervent prayers and victorious testimonies, the giving of their tithe when they have not three meals a day, and bringing others to the feet of Jesus." The Peruvian church is praying for a "deep, Holy Ghost, wide-spread revival, such as Latin-America has never seen, for they feel that is their greatest need.

MISS AUGIE HOLLAND



The subject of this sketch is one of our Southland missionaries, from Nashville, Tenn. Her first terms of service in Latin-America were under the auspices of the Pentecostal Mission of Nashville.

We have no record of Miss Holland's life prior to her conversion in 1892. Five years after that date she was sanctified wholly, and very soon the divine Voice began to whisper to her of the foreign field. Frightened, she strove to put the thought away from her mind, but the call was repeated with greater insistence. Her struggle was long and severe, but the more she resisted, the deeper the conviction became, "Woe is me, if I go not!" At last the Lord helped her to come to a decision August 20, 1902. In preparation for her life work she entered college, but the enemy of her soul continued to harass her, seeking to inject doubts into her mind, and to turn her from her holy purpose. In 1903 he almost succeeded in persuading her to compromise by supporting a missionary instead of giving herself. But the Spirit did not cease to strive against the tempter. The battle persisted through 1904 until finally a severe illness brought Miss Holland close to the brink of eternity. At this time the Spirit pressed His suit with gentle insistence until at last she yielded herself wholly to Him. After her restoration to health, there was but one fixed purpose in her mind, "to gather fruit from the whitened harvest field of South America."

The subtle adversary, defeated at one point, next tried to break down the courage of the young missionary aspirant by injecting into her mind a morbid fear of a watery grave, and by holding before her excited imagination an exaggerated picture of the hostile attitude of the natives in that foreign land whither she was bound.

Nevertheless, on November 15, 1906, with her hand in that of her Master, the young missionary stepped on board an out-going ship bound for Guatemala, Central America. Still the adversary kept close to her side, loth to acknowledge himself defeated. But when he whispered, "You will never get across the waters; you will go down into the depths of the wide sea, her answer was prompt and decisive. "It is just as near to heaven from the bottom of the sea as from dry land." Instantly a troop of precious promises came to her relief, and at their approach the tempter fled affrighted.

During the voyage the storm clouds *did* roll, and the waves *did* dash high over the decks, sometimes covering the whole vessel, and the fierce winds *did* beat upon that frail ship as if it would tear it asunder, but in the depths of Miss Holland's soul there was no fear—only a deep peace like the "calm" which brooded over blue Galilee when the Savior said, "Peace, be still!" In this initial test, Miss Holland proved that "God is faithful."

Again, when she reached her destination, she found that the people whom the enemy had taught her to fear were by no means formidable. Although bound by chains of superstition, and living in the shadows of paganism, they were, for the most part, agreeable, and they received the new missionary kindly. Later, during her term of service at Coban, Guatemala, many severe testings came. Persecution began, support from the homeland was withdrawn, and funds were low. But through all the Lord wonderfully provided and kept. Over and

over again Miss Holland proved that "God is faithful." She adopted this phrase as her slogan, and began placing it at the head of all her letters.

During her four years at Coban, Miss Holland demonstrated both her fidelity to the divine call, and her eminent fitness for foreign missionary work. Sustained by the indwelling Spirit, she was enabled to face all difficulties with fortitude, and to adapt herself to the exigencies of a missionary's life.

In Central America, evangelizing is the principal method of carrying the gospel message into dark and neglected regions. An evangelistic tour is attended with many discomforts and dangers, and at the same time it is usually enlivened by many a thrill. The parties usually travel on horse-back, or mule-back, over rough and rocky roads. There are "mud-holes to cross, rivers to ford, mountains to climb." Usually the places of entertainment, if any, are of the most primitive kind. But in all these experiences Miss Holland realized God's protecting care at every step of the way. Quoting her own words, "He who had called me went before to provide and protect. Not one of His promises failed."

Under date of September 25, 1908, Rev. C. G. Anderson writes of Miss Holland; "I praise God for such workers—always ready to preach, sing, play or pray, and cook—ready for service, or for sacrifice. Oh, that we had more such workers on the field! There is a crowning day coming for such faithful workers for the Master."

On August 20, 1910, Miss Holland returned to the States on furlough, but later she went to Bolivia, S. A., where she was employed as teacher in the American Institute of La Paz.

On February 13, 1915, the Pentecostal Mission of Nashville, Tenn., was united with the Church of the Nazarene, the union including the foreign as well as the home departments of the two organizations. Under the new arrangement, Miss

Holland was sent to Peru for her third term of service in foreign fields. She arrived in Pacasmayo, Peru, December 28, 1919. The conditions she found in this place were, at first, most unattractive. Filth abounding, water that was "repugnant to both taste and sight," also rumors of bubonic plague and fevers, with little dirty street waifs "running in and out, making disturbances." But the intrepid and well-seasoned missionary buckled her armor a little tighter, and "prayed through," until her tears of gratitude attracted attention, even at the dinner table.

Her coming brought new strength and encouragement to the little band of missionaries who were struggling on so bravely at Pacasmayo against fearful odds, and whose hearts had been saddened, only a few months before, by the untimely death of the first Mrs. Winans. The new missionary assisted Miss Mabel Park in building up the work at Pacasmayo and at Chiclayo until a new call came to her—a call as definite and as clear as that which first claimed her for foreign missions. This time she was summoned to Piura a large town far to the north of the Nazarene mission stations. This is in one of the most neglected regions of Peru. No missionary had ever been stationed there. The undertaking was a great one—a work that many men would shrink from. But this consecrated handmaiden of the Lord, with the call of God upon her, hesitated not to pioneer this difficult field alone, save for the God who is always "faithful," and one native family who felt the "call" and consented to go with the missionary.

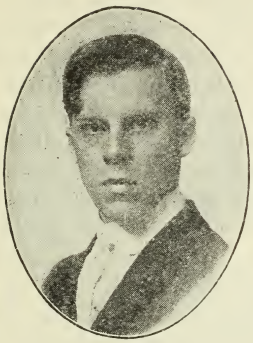
The little party left Chiclayo November 1924, and reached Piura early in December. Immediately Miss Holland gathered some children together and started a Sunday school. Her efforts met with success from the start. The Sunday school thrived, and it continued to grow in spite of persecutions which threatened from time to time. In less than a year the average

attendance numbered about thirty, and a picture of the Sunday school shows a group of bright, intelligent faces, ranging in ages from little tots to men and women of middle age. The gospel seed sown in this needy field speedily bore an abundant harvest. Early in 1926 Miss Holland writes of a Sunday evening service when eighteen people bore joyful testimony to the transformation in hearts and lives which the gospel light had wrought in them. Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters who, only a few short months before had been in pagan darkness, all told the same glad story.

Surely Miss Holland's brave enterprise at Piura was favored of God, but she was not permitted to remain with it long. On April 20, 1926 she was obliged to leave the infant mission, only sixteen months old. Reluctantly she turned her face toward the land of her nativity for an enforced furlough, but her heart yearns with unspeakable solicitude over her spiritual children left, without shepherd or guardian, amidst the shadows of superstition and paganism. Surely such a missionary is worthy of the love and the support of every loyal Nazarene, and the work she has so nobly pioneered should never be allowed to languish and die through neglect.

Let us pray earnestly that the God who is always faithful may safely shepherd the lambs of the Piura fold, and that He may speedily open the way for Miss Holland to return to the field which so greatly needs her fostering care.

IRA L. TRUE and VALORA MAE TRUE



These interesting missionaries are the youngest of our Latin-American group.

Ira L. True is a native of Omaha, Nebraska, born July 16, 1898, but his family moved to Spokane when he was two years old. His parents were converted in the Nazarene Mission, under the ministry of Mrs. DeLance Wallace. They dedicated their child to God at that time, and conscientiously endeavored to train him in the fear and admonition of the Lord.

Under this godly influence the boy grew to adolescence with a conviction in his soul that God designed him for some special service. But the carnal nature within him rebelled against the call of the Spirit, and caused him to run away from God for a time. He attended the Lewis and Clark High School in Spokane and graduated with a good record. From there he went to Nampa, Idaho, to take his college course at the Northwestern Nazarene College.

When he entered the college Ira True was "a proud, backslidden young fellow." But in the spiritual atmosphere which

prevails in that consecrated institution, he was soon brought under conviction, blessedly saved and sanctified. Once more the call of the Spirit sounded in his soul, with a more imperative summons than before. This time the young man responded with a glad "Yes" to the will of God, although he knew that it meant for him the ministry and the foreign field. The Lord manifested His approval of the youth's loyalty by giving him a great love for the people in foreign lands who are dying without the gospel, and by making language study easy for him. He successfully completed his college course, graduating in 1921.

But mere graduation was not all that Ira L. True accomplished within the narrow span of his college years! He was an ambitious youth, not afraid of shouldering responsibility. Two years before his graduation, when only twenty-one years of age, he met a young lady of his own age—almost his twin. She was a charming girl, an earnest Christian, and moreover, one of domestic taste, for did she not hold a "special certificate" which proclaimed her very "special" proficiency in domestic science? Ira was sure that this particular girl would make an ideal home keeper. Moreover, was she not pursuing the Bible course in college, presumably with missionary leanings? These facts, coupled with other items too numerous to mention, seemed to indicate that she would make a perfect missionary! Nothing could be more convincing! The young lady's name was Valora Mae Bliss, but the young missionary aspirant "persuaded" her to change her name.

As to the girl, she naively declares that she felt "God would bless her in her work if she went to the field with a certain young fellow." So she married Ira L. True in 1919.

In 1921, immediately after graduation, the young people, under appointment of the Missionary Board, went to Coban, Guatemala, where they labored with the Andersons, Miss

Phillips and Miss Lane. Rev. True acted as principal of the boys' school during the three years that he remained at Coban. Here his proficiency in language proved to be of great advantage, for, after seven or eight months of close application, he was able to preach satisfactorily in Spanish.

In 1924, Rev. True and wife were transferred from Guatemala to Peru. Here they were received with great rejoicing by the thin line of over-worked missionaries who were holding the fort so bravely. Mrs. Winans writes, reporting the Annual Council of 1924:

"We missed our beloved Brother and Sister Rademacher. But we have *True* helpers to take their places. Brother Ira True and his wife, of Nampa, are here to take up the work at Chiclayo. There were no bounds of our joy and welcome. He was appointed President of the Council and Miss Park was transferred to Chiclayo to be the helper there."

The new missionaries put their shoulders to the wheel, and conscientiously expended their best efforts to build up the work in Peru. Much evangelizing was done, and some new churches were organized. But at the end of one short year, the "retrenchment" and the "recall" blighted many a budding hope, and spelled "finis" to many a cherished plan. In December 1925, only a few days before Christmas, the Trues, with the McHenrys and Miss Mabel Park, sadly turned away from their unfinished work in Peru, and returned to the United States. Since his return Rev. True has been employed as pastor at Colfax, Washington, but at present writing, he is serving a church at Grandview, Washington. They are living in hopes of resuming their missionary labors so prematurely cut off, as soon as the door of opportunity opens.

Rev. and Mrs. True pass on the following testimony.

"We would say that after six years of service on the field, we believe that missions pay. We still believe in the 'Go ye.'

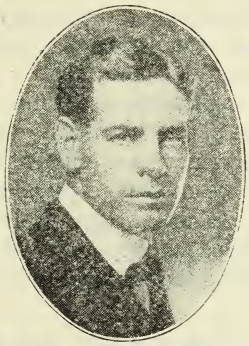
Service has not dulled the vision, only made it brighter. It has made us trust more in Him and to remember our own weakness. We find that in the process of always giving out, and never receiving, we must pray much and keep the blessing on us continually.

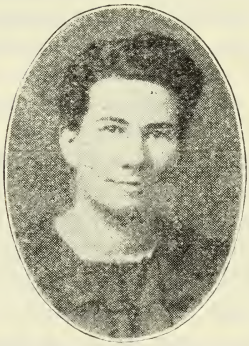
"The greatest need in Peru and Guatemala is sufficient missionaries to man the field and the means to enable them to branch out. Better a smaller, well-equipped and supplied group than a larger one without the means to work with."

In speaking of Rev. True's work as President of the Mission Council in Peru, Rev. David Walworth writes, "I have found his work lasting, his mistakes exceedingly few, and a wholesome spirit among the brethren because of his Christian example."

Brother True and his good wife are still young. They have the best part of their lives yet before them. Let us pray that they may very soon be restored to the foreign field where their young energies and their splendid talents may be concentrated upon the evangelization of the dark places of earth.

GUY C. McHENRY and ETHEL McHENRY





When the Lord chooses His prophets He selects them from various walks of life, but from very early times He has manifested a pronounced preference for the keeper of cattle. He called David from his sheep on the hillside to be anointed King of Israel; He laid His hand upon Elisha plowing with his oxen in the field; and He called Amos from among the herdmen of Tekoa to be His prophet. In like manner, in modern days, He summoned from a cattle ranch in Washington a prosperous young stock-raiser, named Guy C. McHenry, to become a minister of the gospel and a foreign missionary.

Guy C. McHenry was born in Arapaho, Nebraska, September 8, 1885. Both parents died when Guy was a small child, and the boy was raised by his stepmother, Mrs. Millie McHenry. Both Guy and his mother were hard workers and good financiers, consequently they were prospered in a material way. When the young man was twenty-two years of age the

two were the proud possessors of one hundred cows and 480 acres of ranch land near Durango, Colorado.

In 1908 Mrs. McHenry became ill, and sent for her daughter, Ethel Kirby, who had been raised by her grandmother near Wabash, Indiana. This young lady was a devout Christian, saved and sanctified, fond of reading and study, and a great lover of the Bible. She cherished in her heart a distinct call to foreign missionary work, and was patiently waiting for God to open the way. When Miss Kirby went to her mother's home in March 1908, her maidenly charms quickly captivated the young ranchman, Guy McHenry. It was a case of love at first sight, and quick action followed. They were married September 23, 1908. In July preceding the wedding, the young man was blessedly saved.

Soon after their marriage, the McHenrys sold their Colorado ranch and moved to Seattle. They bought another ranch at Shelton, and were making brilliant plans for the future, but God stepped in and changed them all. One day while the ambitious ranchman was following his plow God spoke to him and called him to preach. As Elisha left his oxen to follow Elijah, so Guy McHenry left his plow to obey the call of the Lord. He literally left all to follow Jesus. His good wife supported him with her love and her prayers. In the fall of 1909 the McHenrys sold their stock and implements, loaded a scow with the household furniture and a dozen of the best hens, and the whole family, mother, wife and baby, started across the Sound with a view of entering the University of Puget Sound at Tacoma. Being ignorant of the workings of church polity, the prospective student took it for granted that the church would furnish free of charge the required education to those who were called to preach! His amusing naivete precipitated an embarrassing situation. A large moving van was engaged at the wharf, the furniture was loaded into it,

and the chickens were tied on behind. Climbing upon the seat by the driver, the young cattle-man was driven to the entrance of the university, sublimely unconscious of any irregularity in the proceeding. Entering the administration building, he greeted the President with the cheery announcement, "Well, here I am."

Gravely the President replied, "I am glad to see you, Brother McHenry."

"My stuff is on a wagon out here in front,' ventured the intrepid one.

Quickly the President glanced through the window, and beheld the huge three-horse van piled high with furniture, and the chickens tied on behind! The good man's look of amazement and consternation can better be imagined than described.

"I don't know what I am going to do with you!" he exclaimed helplessly.

"I don't either," faltered the would-be student.

The President was a kindly man, with a heart of gold. He instructed the new-comer to unload the furniture in the gymnasium, to put the chickens in the woodshed, and to keep his family in the dormitory until other arrangements could be made. This accomplished, he called the young man aside, and kindly explained the stern realities of school life which he must face—rent and tuition to pay, beside clothing and food for a family of four. (The little baby, six months old, sickened and died only two weeks after their arrival at the University.)

The outlook was formidable, but missionary heroes are made of stuff which always climbs over difficulties, and which never brooks defeat. Mr. McHenry was twenty-three years of age, but he entered the school in the sub-preparatory department, eighth grade. The Lord opened ways for the family to support themselves after their money was gone. They took boarders, and Mr. McHenry cut wood, mowed lawns, and

washed dishes to pay expenses during the two years that he remained at Puget Sound.

In 1910, at a campmeeting, he met Bud Robinson for the first time. He learned from the distinguished evangelist of the new Nazarene University at Pasadena. Upon "Uncle Buddie's" recommendation, he decided to go to that institution the next year, since he was not satisfied with the spiritual conditions at Puget Sound. At this same campmeeting, Brother McHenry recognized his missionary call, and from that time all plans were formulated with a view to the foreign field. He and his wife did not send in their applications to the Board until 1920, but the intervening years were needed for preparation. At the next campmeeting, in 1911, the prospective missionary was sanctified wholly.

The four years at Pasadena were very happy ones. Mrs. McHenry entered the school when her second baby was ten months old. She took the Missionary Worker's Course, and one year of Nurses' Training. Her husband won first place in the local and the state oratorical contests, and second place in the Interstate Contest of the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association.

Receiving an invitation to live with an uncle while finishing school, the McHenrys moved to Greencastle, Indiana, in 1916. Brother McHenry planned to complete his college course—one and a half years—at De Pauw University. But after one semester, he changed his plans. Instead of finishing his school work, he conducted a tent meeting which resulted in the organization of a Nazarene church in Greencastle, and he served this church as pastor four years. In 1920 the McHenrys were appointed as missionaries to the French West Indies, but owing to a change of plan by the Board, they were detained another year, and finally appointed to Buenos Aires, South America.

The time of waiting and of preparation was long, but at last the happy day arrived when our missionaries boarded their ship and sailed for their distant port, Buenos Aires, October 31, 1921. They received a royal welcome from Brother and Sister Miller and Brother and Sister Ferguson.

In Argentina the new missionaries found a great harvest field ripe for the harvest—almost limitless opportunities for gospel work in the great cities and surrounding communities, but all sadly handicapped by lack of men and money. The missionaries who have been laboring there have accomplished wonders in spite of the handicaps, training the native workers to take the gospel to their own people, and to finance their own work. But they need missionaries to conduct a Bible school and an aggressive campaign of evangelism.

After four years in Buenos Aires our missionaries were transferred to Peru. On June 25, 1925, they waved a tearful farewell to a sorrowful group of native Christians at the railroad station. As the train pulled out of Buenos Aires, the plaintive strain of "Dios os Guarde" (God be with you) followed the missionaries who had been used of God to bring spiritual help and blessing to so many of these needy people.

After a long journey by rail and steamer, the missionaries reached the seaport of Eten in Peru, July 2, 1925. Brother True met them at the pier, and conducted them to Monsefu where the Annual Assembly was in session. They were greeted warmly, and immediately made to feel at home.

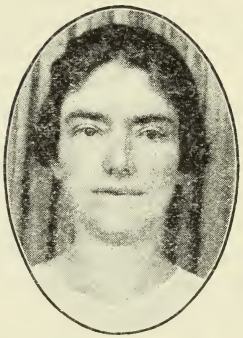
In Peru they found a needy field, rich in opportunity, but always sadly neglected—a few brave missionaries, each carrying the burden of two or three, and with poor equipment. Brother McHenry estimates that twenty missionaries on this field, with added equipment, would not be too many for present needs, until a large number of native workers can be trained. The new missionaries were busily employed during their

residence in Peru, directing the work at Monsefu, preaching in new towns and evangelizing—but alas! they were not permitted to remain there long—only six short months. Then the dreadful retrenchment fell like a blight, and the pathetic recall was sounded. Of Peru's ten precious missionaries, five were compelled to leave the work they loved so well and return to the homeland—the McHenrys, the Trues and Miss Mabel Park. Mrs. McHenry writes of this experience, "It was a terrible blow, but we were glad that God did not permit the work to be closed."

Since their return to the United States, Rev. McHenry has been serving the church at Crawfordsville, Ind., as pastor. But his wife says, "The burden for the ones who have never heard is always on our hearts. We plan to go back to the field as soon as the door opens." And Brother McHenry adds, "Active service on the field has spoiled me for work in the homeland. Nothing can be more discouraging than to know that the way is closed for our return to the field."

Note.—Word has just been received that these good missionaries are soon to be sent to relieve the Walworths, who must be furloughed. (1927)

DAVID H. WALWORTH and MRS. EDITH WALWORTH



David Homer Walworth was born April 21, 1889, on a farm near Grenola, Elk County, Kansas. When God made David Walworth he put into his composition all the elements that are required in the construction of a typical pioneer missionary.

In childhood the boy developed a precocious mentality which enabled him to learn his primer by heart before he was five years old, and to finish grammar school and all but a few months of high school before his tenth birthday. His proficiency in music—in reed organ and orchestra work—became a valuable asset on the foreign field. His talent for declamation made him a conspicious figure on all Children's Day and Christmas programs, while his ability to entertain by making wry faces earned for him the nick-name of "Monkey" or "Monk."

But with all his versatility, the lad possessed a deeply religious nature which responded quickly to the wooings of the Holy Spirit. This came to him through his Scotch grand-

mother, who claimed descent from the clan of Stuarts, and who provided "kilties" of the Stuart Tartan for the little four-year-old David, so that he could go with her to church and Sunday school. Moreover, David Walworth's early youth was marked by a great variety of experiences, in the form of severe testings and rigid discipline, which contributed to his character that rugged steadfastness, and strength of purpose, and unflinching courage so much needed in pioneer missionary life. In early childhood he played with Indian children at Oolagah, Indian Territory, and studied his first reader with husky Indian braves, and thus became familiar with Indian character and customs. He was also early inured to physical sufferings, for he was twice kept out of school for long periods by serious illness.

The lad was sweetly converted at ten years of age, his experience being attended with a heavenly vision of Jesus, which lingered with him through the years, even though he waged a fierce fight with carnality for about ten years, until he came under the influence of Holiness preaching. His first taste of persecution was experienced soon after his conversion, when a crowd of neighbor boys abused, and repeatedly *stoned* him, in derision of his profession of religion. He carries the marks of those stonings to this day.

But the severest test of all came in his nineteenth year. By hard labor on a farm, David had earned some money which he was religiously saving to help pay his expenses through the first year of college. But, since he was still a minor, his parents appropriated the precious money to apply on the purchase of a house and lot for the oldest brother! Broken-hearted, the lad packed his grip and left home, and it is doubtful if the wound in his soul has ever entirely healed.

A variety of experiences followed this important step. In a revival meeting in Huntington, Oregon, he obtained the

witness of the Spirit to his sanctification. Later he applied to the U. S. Navy, and was sent to Mare Island Navy Yard, Vallejo, Calif. to take a course in the Electrical and Radio School. When this was completed, he was assigned to the Armored Cruiser, U. S. S. Maryland, where he was subjected to severe discipline. Here he contracted the habit, whenever time permitted, of swinging his hammock near the bridge, where he could be alone and commune with God. During one of these seasons the Lord appeared to the young man in glorious vision, with a definite call to the mission field.

In 1912 David Walworth joined the Church of the Nazarene in Vallejo, and received a preacher's license. After acting as chaplain on the warship for a time, he purchased his discharge. He then served as pastor, first at Vallejo, and later on the Angels Camp Circuit. While engaged in this work, he was drafted and sent to the World War, serving in France and Belgium with the 364th Infantry, as a member of the medical corps.

Upon his honorable discharge Rev. Walworth immediately enrolled as a student in the Pasadena College. At the same time he was married to Miss Edith Borbe, a former parishioner at Angels Camp. Miss Borbe was raised by a godly mother in a happy Christian home. As a child she was very shy and timid, but after her conversion, which took place soon after her graduation from high school, she was thrust forward in Christian work, first as Sunday school teacher, then as Superintendent, and later as supply pastor for the home church. A year before her marriage she had sent a signed application for missionary appointment to the General Board. So she was well prepared to be a missionary's wife.

Both Rev. Walworth and his wife attended college one year, 1919-20, but owing to failing health and a short cash account, they took a pastorate for the next year at Hawthorne, Calif.

where they remained until ordered to Peru in 1921. Mrs. Walworth describes their entry into the land of their future labors: "We disembarked in Pacasmayo at 9 p. m., October 23, 1921. The night was very dark. Our steamer, anchored far out, gave us no hope of stepping off the gang-plank on to terra firma, but rather into a small canoe on the open sea, in the darkness! It was like taking a leap in the dark—and it was—the darkness that Christ died to dispel."

These precious missionaries have been toiling in that dark land of Romish superstition ever since that date—six years now. They have needed all the grace and grit and resourcefulness which they had gained through experience and discipline. Difficulties have been grappled with, privation and sickness have been contended with, disappointments and grief have been met with fortitude. Brother Walworth has been pelted, during religious services, with paper bags loaded with stones and gravel and unspeakable odors; he has climbed steep mountain trails, with a fifty-pound load of medical supplies on his back, to minister to suffering bodies and sin-sick souls in neglected mountain regions. He has dragged his weary body into isolated mountain towns, and stood for hours dispensing the bread of life to a hungry crowd. Exhausted, he has slipped away from the crowd to snatch a few hours of rest and sleep, only to be awakened at a very early hour by the plaintive cry, "Aye, pastor, we are dying, give us more!" God's protecting care has been over our missionaries, otherwise they would have been destroyed long ago, for wicked plans for murder and robbery have been laid, stones have been hurled into the meeting place through the broken roof, and the Catholic priest has tried to incite the people to throw the missionaries out of the town—Monsefu. This is in superstitious Rome-ridden Peru. And anti-Protestant propaganda is becoming more threatening since crowds of the clergy recently

expelled from Mexico are pouring into Peru, and they are already taking active measures against all Protestant missions. Our missionary writes; "We must work desperately NOW, for the night is coming when no Protestant can work, unless we get a large following soon."

But the crowning grief of their missionary career came to Brother and Sister Walworth in December, 1925.

It is Christmas eve in 1925. The missionary sits at his desk in Monsefu feverishly trying to get a mountain of important business off his hands before the New Year comes in. He is burning mid-night oil, and he knows that far away in his native land, the Christmas chimes are ringing in the morning of the Christ-child's birth. But there is a heavy burden on the heart of the missionary—a burden heavier, much heavier than the one he carried on his back over the mountain trail two years ago. His spirit is bruised, and so crushed that, for a time, it fails to respond, even to the angel's song. The missionary is lonely this evening. Just one week ago, down at the wharf, he said "Good-by" to his missionary associates—five of them. It was a cruel parting. Those congenial souls who had labored with him, and prayed with him, and sacrificed and suffered with him in the service of the Master! How they had prayed for re-enforcement and equipment, and how they had grieved because of the open doors of opportunity that could not be entered because of straitened finances! And now they must leave—and those open doors may be forever closed! Brother McHenry, what inspiration in the firm grasp of his hand! And Ira True and his charming wife! What wealth of sunshine they had brought into the struggling mission! And Miss Park, the beloved teacher, who had been with the work from the very first! How could the work go on without her? But the last good-bys have been spoken. The good ship has sailed away, while the two lonely mission-

aries left standing on the pier turn sadly back to the mission quarters to try to hold together the work which had been too heavy for seven! Yes, they are alone in Peru, these two—alone with the burden of all the coast work upon their shoulders. A craven spirit would give up the struggle against such fearful odds. But missionaries are made of sterner stuff. Nazarenes, do you love a hero? Consider well your missionary bent over his desk under the flickering mid-night lamp, in far away Peru! And do not chide him if he is tempted to discouragement. Is it strange that he is overwhelmed with a sense of desolation on this sad Christmas eve? It seems that the church has failed him, while the cruel sword-thrust of retrenchment pierces his very soul, and no one in the homeland seems to care! On this hard night he must be separated even from his wife—the brave little wife who has stood so loyally by his side through everything! But Mrs. Walworth must remain in Chiclayo tonight, while her husband looks after the mission and the preparations for Christmas in Monsefu.

Dear Nazarenes, this is a sad picture, but it is a true one. Lack of missionary vision on the part of our Nazarene membership is responsible. But it must not be repeated! God forbid!

Brother and Sister Walworth have been carrying the burden bravely, but they have reached the limit of their strength. In a recent letter he says, "Just at present I have a class in Theology and another in vocal music in the Bible school, also some organ students and a small orchestra; beside these I am foreman of the printing plant, Director of the Bible school, and President of the Mission Council, also Treasurer."

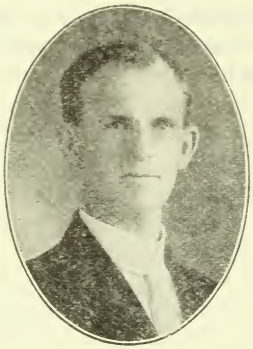
The important work at Chiclayo has no one to care for it, and parts of the work have not had a visit from the Superintendent for four years. But Miss Park, who has recently returned

to her work in Peru, writes of Brother Walworth, "He is very much broken in health. I often wonder if he will last *more than a day or a week longer!*" Mrs. Walworth also has recently been very ill. (1927)

O Nazarenes! can it be that negligence on our part is killing our precious missionaries? God forgive us, and grant us the true missionary vision! Amen!

Guatemala Group

REV. AND MRS. R. S. ANDERSON



This worthy couple belong to a constellation of "fixed stars" which brightens the missionary firmament. While "others may come, and others may go," the Andersons still keep going on, always shining with a steady light over that particular corner of the Lord's harvest field to which they were appointed.

Twenty-three years ago they landed in Guatemala, Central America, a young couple newly married. Since mission work in their territory was then in its infancy, scattered and unorganized, the Andersons may be said to have grown up with Nazarene missions in Guatemala.

Rev. R. S. Anderson and his wife were both born in Laurens Co., South Carolina, in 1882. Both were saved and sanctified during a great holiness revival which swept over South Carolina from 1898 to 1900. Very soon after this their attention was called to foreign missions by the Spirit-inspired

messages of Roy G. Codding and others. Their interest once stirred, quickly deepened into conviction, until finally both young hearts responded gladly to the call of God which pointed to the foreign field. They attended the public schools, also a Bible and Missionary Institute near home.

Since the two young lives had run in closely parallel lines from the beginning, it was not strange that they joined hands and hearts before venturing upon their life work. They were married August 17, 1904, and two months later they sailed for Guatemala as missionaries, under the Pentecostal Mission of Nashville, Tenn. The same band of holiness women who financed Mr. Anderson through school helped to support the young couple on the field until 1915 when the Pentecostal Mission united with the Church of the Nazarene. The new missionaries spent their first year on the field at Livingston and Zacapa, but while at the latter place, both nearly lost their lives in an epidemic of yellow fever which swept into eternity about five hundred people. After their recovery they removed to Coban, where they have labored ever since, with the exception of two short furloughs, one in 1908 and one in 1919.

During this long period these faithful missionaries have been busily engaged in all the activities which pertain to the development of a gospel mission in a land where superstition and paganism prevail. When the Andersons reached Coban they found only three missionaries on the field who were working under the Pentecostal Mission. They were Rev. and Mrs. Butler and Rev. C. G. Anderson, uncle of the new missionary. There were five or six native Christians who had accepted Christ during the eighteen months of Rev. Butler's ministry. Meetings were held in a small, windowless room situated in the center of the town—Coban. Rev. Anderson writes, "Many a time I have gone to that little room and sung and played, and preached and prayed, with no human soul

inside to cheer me. Generally there were listeners on the outside."

Certainly this was a severe test of patience and faith. But the valiant missionaries did not yield to discouragement. Patiently and prayerfully they toiled on, regardless of opposition and petty persecutions instigated by the priests, preaching, teaching and evangelizing, sowing precious seed, while the printing press kept busily at work turning out thousands and thousands of tracts and other Christian literature. The Lord sent other missionaries, and the work grew. In those early years Miss Augie Holland and Miss Effie Glover rendered valuable assistance for a time. Miss Holland practically taught the missionaries the printers' trade. Some of the pioneers left the field, and others died, but the Butlers and the Andersons worked together at Coban until the union of the Pentecostal Mission with the Church of the Nazarene in 1915. At this time Rev. and Mrs. Butler returned to the U. S. A., leaving Rev. and Mrs. Anderson in sole charge of the work at Coban.

This marked the beginning of organized Nazarene Missions in Guatemala. Rev. Anderson proved to be a good organizer, and a capable Superintendent, which office he held from 1915 to 1919. Under his administration a Nazarene school was built up, with Miss Eugenia Phillips as principal and teacher. Also a new mission was started at Salama by Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Franklin, and some evangelizing was done.

In 1919 Rev. Anderson and family returned to the United States on their second furlough. He represented the Guatemala District at the General Assembly which convened that year. As a result of his report, Rev. J. D. Scott was appointed to act as Superintendent of the work in Central America and Mexico. This left Rev. Anderson free to devote his time to pastoral and evangelistic labors, and to continue his valuable

work in the printing office. These duties he has performed with unfailing efficiency. Other missionaries have come to the field, and their united efforts have been blessed of the Spirit with abundant fruit.

After twenty-three years of continuous service, Rev. Anderson can view with a thankful heart the field where so small a beginning was in evidence when he was a boy missionary, only twenty-two years of age. He reports properties valued at $25,000, 600 believers, 20 preaching places, 21 paid native workers, 3 schools and a good printing plant which turns out about 1,500,000 pages of Christian literature each year—also 70 converts during the second quarter in 1927. The infirmary, with Miss Bessie Branstine in charge, is the newest department of the work, one which promises rich returns in the way of reaching people and bringing sin-sick souls under the healing influence of the gospel.

During all the years Mrs. Anderson has been a worthy helpmeet to her husband. Together they have labored and prayed, and they have shared all the vicissitudes which attend a missionary's life. In addition to her share of the mission work, the devoted wife has carried the sweet burden of motherhood. Four daughters and two sons blessed her home. The three older children are in the United States, Agnes and Margaret just finishing a four years' course at Olivet College, and Charles with his fathers' sister in Clinton, South Carolina. The younger children, Elizabeth, Catherine and Edward, are with their parents at Coban, studying in the Nazarene Mission schools.

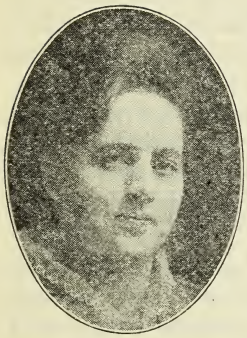
Mrs. Anderson sends a word of testimony as follows: "Even before my conversion I felt a call to the mission field, and have never regretted answering the call. I still feel that I am in His divine will for me. The Spirit abides with me, and I desire to ever walk in His divine plan.

Rev. Anderson also voices his testimony as follows: "After almost twenty-three years of missionary service, I am perfectly happy to continue serving God on the foreign mission field. He has blessedly kept my soul clean in the blood of the Lamb. The more I know of Roman Catholics the more I see that they need the gospel. Since they indulge in every form of sin that is associated in the mind with idolatry, Romanism has a wonderful corrupting power. It will bring down any people. My heart rejoices in salvation through His blood, and sanctification through the baptism of the Spirit. A vital touch with God keeps the missionary."

Surely these good missionaries are workmen who will not need to be ashamed when they are called to give account of their labors on the last great day! Twenty-three years of faithful service, and they are still in the prime of life. May the strength that is sufficient, the peace that abideth, and the joy that overflows be theirs in fullest measure, and may Rev. R. S. Anderson and his good wife be spared to labor yet many years for the Master, and may the precious gospel seed, which they have been so patiently sowing, yield an abundant harvest in immortal souls!

Note.—Miss Agnes Anderson has received a missionary appointment, and will labor with her parents at Coban.

MISS EUGENIA PHILLIPS



This elect lady is one of the educational pioneers of Nazarene Missions in Guatemala. She was born in Perry, Missouri, August 22, 1883, but when she was five years of age her parents moved, with their family, to Dallas, Oregon. Miss Eugenia attended grammar school and high school at this place. The last two years of her high school course were taken at Dallas College, which was an Evangelical institution. While attending the school Miss Phillips united with the Evangelical Church.

After her graduation Miss Eugenia taught school for five years. She was also engaged to be married, and was planning for herself a domestic and social career. But the Lord had different arrangements for her future. In January 1906 the young school teacher was sweetly and definitely converted. Salvation to her became an experience which put a new motive power into her life. Henceforth she was to live, not to gratify her own ambitions, but to glorify God. The young man to whom she was engaged was not a Christian, neither did he manifest any desire to become one. After waiting for him six years, Miss Phillips broke the engagement. The Lord had been speaking to her about His own design for her life, which was to make of her a witness for Him in a land of Spanish-speaking people. The devoted young Christian chose to follow the Lord with an undivided heart, even at the expense of

losing her fiance, and of surrendering all her once cherished plans for herself. A wise decision it was indeed, and an example worthy of imitation by all young women who wish to be true to God. The union of a Christian woman with a worldling is sure to result in one of two ways. Either the young wife will yield little by little to her husband, compromising to please him, and eventually lose her experience, or she will be true to God and stand by her convictions at the expense of much domestic friction, and her home will be converted into a battle-ground where all her spiritual conflicts must be waged.

This important decision was a great victory for the young Christian, but the old adversary of God and enemy of souls was not willing for the Lord to have complete control in a heart so devoted, and over a character so strong and steadfast. So he contrived to bring Miss Phillips under the influence of the "Tongues" movement, and in this way her spiritual horizon became clouded with the mists of confusion. But the Lord was by no means ready to relinquish His claim to His chosen one. He sent a message to Miss Phillips through a Mrs. Logie of Denver, Colorado. The two women were strangers who had never met, but the Lord knew how to bring them together. He simply whispered to Mrs. Logie, "Go to Dallas, Oregon, to carry a message for Me." Mrs. Logie did not understand why she was to go to Dallas, but she obeyed the voice of the Lord. When she met Miss Phillips, she knew at once that this was the person she was to speak to. Taking her by the hand, she said, "Sister, I have a message from God to you." She then proceeded to describe the Deets Pacific Bible College, recommending it as an excellent training institution for missionary applicants. Acting upon Mrs. Logie's suggestion, Miss Phillips soon went to Los Angeles and entered the college of her friend's recommendation.

Here her eyes were soon opened to the delusion of the "Tongues" teaching, and in October 1909 she was sanctified wholly. She also transferred her church membership to the Church of the Nazarene at this time.

Six profitable and happy years of study and preparation for her life work were spent in this excellent Institution, two years at Los Angeles, and four years after it was moved to Pasadena and its name changed to Pasadena University.

After the completion of her college course, Miss Phillips resumed her work of teaching for a time in order to provide for a few financial obligations which she had incurred while in Pasadena. But in 1917 she sent her application to the Missionary Board, and in May of the same year she was appointed to Coban, Guatemala.

She reached her field of labor in August 1917 in company with Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Franklin. She took charge of the girls' school at Coban in January 1918, and continued to act as its capable and efficient principal during the six years that she remained in Guatemala. In 1919 Rev. and Mrs. Anderson returned to the United States on their second furlough, and for several months during their absence Miss Phillips carried all the work of the Coban station alone, pastoring the church and conducting the school. The Lord blessed her labors, and a gracious work was accomplished among the girls in her school. Miss Phillips writes of them:

"At least twenty of my school girls have made exceptional women for the Lord, some as home-keepers, some as teachers, others as nurses and workers, and some are still students."

Miss Phillips returned to the United States on her first furlough in 1923. She spent two years with her mother, who had been widowed during Miss Eugenia's absence. In 1925 the mother married again, and Miss Phillips at once notified

the Missionary Board that she was again free to return to Guatemala.

While waiting for her appointment, she improved the time in study at the University of Southern California at Los Angeles. She received her Master's degree June 4, 1927. On August 20 she sailed from San Francisco for her former field of labor at Coban. On board ship she writes,

"For the next seven years, if God gives me life and strength, I expect to do my best in building Christian character in young life, and in addition, I expect to devote special time and effort to work among the Indians. Personally, the Lord was never more precious. The way He directs was never so fascinating. To do His will I go, and I am exceedingly happy for the opportunity. The blood cleanseth and the Holy Spirit abides today."

What rejoicing there must be among the workers and students at Coban because their capable and well-beloved teacher is with them again! How her cheery and forceful presence must bring new courage to the little band of overworked missionaries who have been struggling along so bravely, each one carrying the burden of two or three!

May the dear Lord graciously prosper the schools at Coban. May Miss Phillips and her helpers be endued with special wisdom from above, and with a rare tact in dealing with the young lives under their care, so that the educational institutions of Coban may flourish like palm trees, and become centers of spiritual power whose influence shall be felt through the length and breadth of Guatemala.

SARA MAE COX

This gifted missionary first opened her eyes upon the lovely hill-country of southwestern Virginia. Her early years were spent on a farm, and even from childhood she was subjected to a course of discipline which was destined to train her for the exacting obligations of a missionary career. To succeed on the foreign field, a missionary must become inured to hardship, she must be able to practice self-denial, to overcome difficulties, and to meet disappointments and reverses with a dauntless courage. Miss Cox grappled with these important rudiments of education in early life.

As a child she was of a sweetly spiritual nature which responded to the Spirit's wooing as the floweret opens its heart to the sunshine. She accepted Christ as her Savior when only nine years old, and joined the Methodist Church, South at that time. Six years later, when only fifteen, Miss Sara first heard the message of full salvation. Again she quickly embraced the truth, yielded herself wholly to God and received the assurance of heart purity. Soon after this blessed experience, while engaged in private prayer, the Lord flashed before the young girl's spiritual eyes a vision of Latin-America with its teeming population lost in the fog of superstition, crying for God in the night! Quickly the girlish heart whispered a glad "Yes" to the call of God.

Next came the struggle for an education. There was no earthly help at hand, and many difficulties were in the way. But to the brave young spirit with a vision and a call, there was no hint of turning back! Besides, there was the Everlasting Arm to lean upon! Stepping out upon the promises, Miss Cox went forth to make her own way in the world.

Bravely she worked her way through high school, in the mean time praying earnestly for an opportunity to take a college course. The Lord granted her prayer, and, at the proper time, opened the way to Trevecca College, Nashville, Tenn. Four happy years were spent in that institution, working her way through, studying hard, blessed with the favor of God, with "wonderful teaching, and never to be forgotten association."

Oh! the halcyon days of student life! How their memories sweeten the toils of later years with a fragrance rare and tender, as if blown from fields Elysian! All too quickly they pass, and the coveted diploma marks the commencement of life's stern realities.

After finishing school Miss Cox served a six years' apprenticeship teaching—one year in the public schools, two years in Trevecca College, two years in Ruskin Cave College, and one year in Taylor University. She united with the Church of the Nazarene in Nashville, Tenn., in 1917, and later was granted an elder's license under that denomination.

At last her preparation was completed. With a college degree, with six years of teaching experience, an ordained minister capable of preaching fluently in Spanish, and with a self-reliance gained in the University of "hard knocks," Miss Cox was well equipped to meet the requirements of every department of missionary work in the land of her vision. She sailed for Coban, Guatemala, in December 1919, in company with Rev. J. D. Scott and wife, who were enroute to Coban to take

up the Superintendency of the Central American and Mexican Districts. Arrived at Coban, the new missionary found Miss Eugenia Phillips carrying the work at that station alone during the temporary absence of Rev. and Mrs. R. S. Anderson, who were on furlough. Rev. and Mrs. J. D. Franklin were at Salama where they had opened a new station the preceding year.

During her first year of missionary service Miss Cox was associated with Miss Phillips in the girls' school at Coban, but the second year she acted as principal of the new boys' school, and the third and fourth years she spent in Salama with Rev. and Mrs. Ingram. On account of failing health the Franklins had returned to the United States. Brother Franklin died in the Missionary Sanitarium at Nampa, Idaho, soon after his return. The Ingrams came to carry on the new station which had made so promising a start under the Franklins' ministry. While at Salama, Miss Cox was busy with pastoral and evangelistic duties, rather than with educational work. This was labor she greatly loved. Preaching, visiting the native homes, and evangelizing in new places on the district where the gospel message was unknown.

The story of these evangelistic tours, in which all of our Latin-American missionaries participate more or less, would recount many a thrill, while the picture of a missionary party, mounted on sure-footed mules, or toiling painfully on foot, climbing the narrow, rocky trails which wind their sinuous and perilous way through the mountain passes, recalls the story of the Good Shepherd, who left his ninety and nine to seek the sheep that was lost.

In some places, stirred by the priests, the natives were afraid, and fled before the approach of the missionaries. But for the most part the people received the strangers kindly. The women at some places vied with one another in extending their hospitality, offering coffee, tortillas, and anything they might

have. On one occasion an old man offered Miss Cox a cigarette. This afforded the missionary an opportunity to kindly present the gospel message which enjoins purity of heart and life.

Referring to one of these evangelistic tours in 1924, Miss Cox writes: "He (the Lord) does verify His promises for all those who go out in His name; He goes before, always preparing the way. We did not know where we might lodge or hold services—in fact it looked doubtful for a while—but God gave us a house. We thought we might have to sleep on a brick floor, but instead He gave us benches to sleep on; and while that kind of bed is not exactly soft, and has very little spring in it, yet He giveth His beloved sleep, and awakens us strengthened and refreshed. And I am sure there is no porterhouse steak or quail on toast that could satisfy our hunger as these good black beans and tortillas do."

At one time, when the question of dispensing with the annual camp meeting was under consideration on account of failure of crops and high cost of living, the poor people sacrificed out of their poverty, and brought offerings to finance the meeting—beef, hogs, corn, wood, milk, eggs, etc. Also at the close of the meeting, the Lord moved upon the heart of the wealthiest member of the congregation to pay the balance of the expenses in full. In this manner the waters of salvation were allowed to flow unhindered during that time of financial distress.

After two fruitful years at Salama, Miss Cox was obliged to leave the work there on account of the malaria which is so prevalent in that region. She returned to the higher altitude of Coban where she was again employed in educational work, teaching in both the boys' and girls' schools, besides pastoring the church, and making occasional evangelistic tours. In August, 1924, she opened a Bible school at Coban for the training of native workers. Of this school Rev. R. S. Ander-

son writes, in 1925: "Our work absolutely demands this school —Congregations have sprung up faster than the preachers have been prepared. We cannot hope for Nazarene preachers manufactured in other schools. The first thing was to get the right person to take charge and teach the Bible. Now we have that person. Sister Cox is thoroughly capable for this work, and really enjoys it."

Thus in labors abundant our splendid missionary remained on the field seven years—until October 1926, when she returned to the United States on her first furlough. In 1923 Miss Cox writes: "We do not question if we are in the will of God. A missionary call grows on one the longer one is on the field. In spite of all the difficulties—and the discouraging phases—the anchor holds. One promise that gives us courage to give out His Word anywhere and everywhere is 'My Word shall not return unto me void.' "

In a recent letter she writes of her seven years of missionary service: "Those were years of glad service for the blessed Master. The parable of the sower was ever present with me, also the promises of Psalm 126:6, and Matt. 28:19, 20. His grace has been sufficient, and I am prepared to say that only those who follow Him all the way can know the blessed companionship He offers to His own."

MISS NEVA LANE

Twenty-five years ago—or thereabouts—Rev. Bud Robinson and Rev. W. H. Huff conducted an evangelistic meeting in a little town in one of the middle western states. The meeting was one of those "hard-pulls" which drag along with no visible results. But the Word was preached in sincerity, and the Lord has declared that it never returns unto Him void. In the audience sat a little girl who eagerly drank in every word. Quietly she applied the truth to her own heart. She yielded herself to God and accepted His promise with a simple, childlike faith. She returned to her home with a gentle radiance upon her face and the assurance of full salvation in her heart. The meeting closed, and the evangelists departed feeling that their effort at that place was almost a failure. But they did not know that some of their seed-sowing was destined to yield a rare fruitage in years to come.

The little girl was a timid, thoughtful child who never talked of herself. She was reared in a Christian home, by godly parents who early instructed their daughter in the Holy Scriptures, and in the doctrines of the Christian faith. The father and mother were both greatly interested in foreign missions. They included the missionaries in their prayers at the family altar; they read missionary literature; and they made missionary interests a frequent topic of conversation in the

family circle. And all the while, in the mind of the young daughter, was growing the conviction that some day she also would become a missionary, and sail to some far distant land to tell the sweet story of Jesus where it had never been heard before. This was a precious secret between the young heart and her Lord, too sacred a trust to be shared with others. So, when her girl friends chattered about their plans for the future, Neva Lane maintained a discreet silence. She knew that hers was to be a life separate and distinct from that of her friends, devoted to special service for her Lord.

With this holy purpose in view, Miss Lane pursued her studies, attending Bethany, Oklahoma, and Wesleyan University, Lincoln, Nebraska, with one year at Pasadena. She also became an accomplished musician, a pianist and music teacher.

In 1921 Miss Lane was sent by the Missionary Board to Coban, Guatemala, to assist Miss Phillips in the girls' school at that place. When Miss Phillips returned home on furlough in 1923, Miss Lane took entire charge of the school, and has carried that responsibility until the present time, 1927.

And so it came to pass that when the Rev. Will Huff visited Coban in 1926, he found there the little girl who was sanctified years ago in that meeting that he counted "barren!" He found her—a mature woman now—mothering and teaching forty-two Guatemalan girls of various ages in the Nazarene Girls' Boarding School. Truly it is the preacher's task to "sow beside all waters," but it is the Lord who "giveth the increase."

Of her experience during her six years of missionary service, Miss Lane writes, "They have been six happy years. The blessings have been far more than I can number. The climate is agreeable, and I have good health. It is a privilege to work with the missionaries on this field. They are congenial, and

I have been blessed and strengthened in my spiritual life by fellowship with them.

"There had been many years of seed-planting on this field before my time, and it has been my privilege to see much ingathering of fruit, and the work advanced on every line. If the Nazarene Church will keep on the job, and send *men and money* as the work requires, the progress will be astounding. What do we need? *More missionaries and more native workers* —the missionaries first so that more native workers can be trained in the Bible School. The work is now advancing much faster than our supply of workers can take care of it."

It will be noticed that Miss Lane's testimony refers principally to the work, and that she gives all the praise and all the glory to others. Information in regard to her own part in the good work must be gleaned from other sources. Miss Cox writes of her:

"Miss Lane is a truly wonderful character—one of those unusually sweet, well-balanced people who are very competent and yet very modest."

In his report to the Mission Council at Coban in 1925, Rev. R. S. Anderson states, "Miss Neva Lane has conducted the girls' school very successfully this year. Practically all the girls profess to be converted. Some have beautiful experiences and have rendered much help in the services both in school and in the church, and some have gone out to other towns to help in meetings. Several of the girls can play for the services now, and will be a blessing to their congregations when they return to their home towns. Too much cannot be said of this important branch of educational work. We hope, as time goes on, Miss Lane may have more time for teaching music. We need young men and girls who can play and sing, to travel with evangelistic parties over the district."

What more can be said of this lovely, gifted missionary who

is too modest to furnish much data for her biography? Only this. It must be remembered that the Principal of a Girls' Boarding School on a mission field, must be *mother* to her flock, as well as teacher. In this way she is privileged to get closer to her girls than others can. Also it is in the endless little daily acts of ministration that she is demonstrating the power and the beauty of a Christlike life. And who can estimate the potency of such a life? It is greater than that of the most famous silver-tongued evangelist on the field. It will be safe to say that the recording angel watches with interest the teacher conducting her classes, dealing with her hired help, and running the domestic machinery of her large and difficult household. No doubt the angel smiles when he sees Miss Lane tenderly dressing a sore foot, and again when she treats a child's aching ear, and gently tucks the little sufferer into bed. Then perhaps he drops a tear or two—if angels ever weep—when he observes the missionary teacher with her arm around an unruly pupil, earnestly striving to impress upon the stubborn mind the truth that to be Christlike, "one must ask pardon of an offended one, even if she herself is not in the wrong!" And every item is recorded in the angel's book. In fact that angel is kept busy all the day long, and far into the night, taking notes of numberless little deeds of mercy and of love. In the day of final rewards the unassuming missionary will be surprised to see how long her list is, and she will be amazed at the beauty of the star-gemmed crown that will be placed on her brow!

Miss Lane enjoys a foretaste of her reward even now, in the love and appreciation of her pupils. On her last birthday—August 22, 1927—she was wakened before daybreak by the sweet strains of "Dulce Hogar" (Sweet Home). She recognized the voices of one of the teachers and one of the girls, accompanied by a violin played by one of the boys from the boys' school. The sweet music was kept up until after daylight, while the

loved teacher listened with tears in her eyes. When she arose she found her table loaded with flowers and little love gifts, tokens of appreciation!

Such evidences of love and esteem on the part of her pupils make glad the heart of the teacher, but how much greater will be her joy some bright day, when Miss Lane will recognize these same sweet voices, with many others she has learned to love, singing in the great chorus of the redeemed in the "Dulce Hogar" over there!

May the Lord sweetly bless Miss Neva Lane, and preserve her for many years to bless the mission with her consecrated ministry.

MISS BESSIE BRANSTINE

This interesting young missionary is the latest addition to our group of workers at Coban, Guatemala. At present she is supporting herself, but hopes soon to be under regular appointment of the Missionary Board.

Miss Branstine was born on a farm near Long Island, Kansas, in 1898. After several removals, her family located near Higgins, Texas, when Miss Bessie was thirteen years old. After a short term at the State Normal she engaged in teaching for a period of two years.

From childhood Miss Bessie was religiously inclined, and she does not remember when the thought of becoming a missionary first occurred to her. She simply grew up with that idea in her mind. Her parents were godly people (Methodists). Bessie and her sister took active part in all departments of their church, and they were recognized by the members as the most spiritual of their young people. However, she was not definitely converted until she was eighteen years old. This happy event occurred during a tent meeting conducted by a Nazarene

preacher. On this occasion the young girl heard some preaching on Holiness for the first time. She did not give the matter much thought until two years later, in 1918, when she left the teaching profession to take up nurse's training.

When she found herself away from home, among strangers, in the training school, Miss Branstine began to realize that she was a very weak Christian, not always able to resist the temptation to compromise a little along certain lines. She also was afflicted with a hasty temper which she was not always able to control. On one occasion it broke all bounds in a violent altercation with one of the student nurses. This unfortunate affair humiliated Miss Bessie in her own eyes, and it drove her to her knees to plead in great agony of soul for the removal from her heart of that ugly thing which caused her to act in so disgraceful a manner and thus to bring reproach on God's holy name.

The Lord heard her petition. The cleansing blood was applied to her soul, and from that moment she enjoyed "a new life in Christ Jesus," a life of victory over inbred sin. At this time the "pull" to the foreign missionary field became stronger than ever before. When she took the matter to her Lord for guidance, He made it clear to her that she was to serve Him in some Latin-American field.

Accordingly, after she finished her nurse's training in 1922, Miss Branstine went to Pasadena College for further preparation for her life work. After two and one-half glorious years in that blessed institution, she received her B. A. degree from the college in June, 1925, and at the same time, her appointment from the Missionary Board to Guatemala.

She was planning to sail in October, but alas! the unfortunate financial situation in the church necessitated the "retrenchment," which was put into effect just in time to upset all of Miss Branstine's plans. Her appointment was cancelled. Needless to say, this was a bitter disappointment to the young missionary, and a very severe trial to her faith as well. She had accepted her appointment as a direct answer to much prayer, and even after it was cancelled, she still felt the assurance that the Lord would, in some way, open the way for her to go, and the conviction was laid on her that it was the Lord's will for her to venture forth, depending upon Him to supply all her needs.

Out of her own earnings she had saved $300, the Pasadena students had already contributed almost enough for her steamship passage, several churches had given money and equipment, and help kept coming in from a number of sources. All was "so harmonious and so clearly in answer to prayer" that it was not possible for the young missionary to doubt that it was the Lord's will for her to go to the needy field to which she had been appointed.

At last the arrangements were completed. Miss Branstine took leave of the home friends, said "Good-by" to her native land, and landed in Guatemala August 13, 1926, just one year later than the time of her first appointment.

Her advent was hailed with great delight by the missionary workers in Coban. They feel that she has been sent in answer to prayer, to fill a long-felt need of the mission. During all the years of missionary effort in Guatemala our missionaries have been without a medical department—no doctor, no hospital, no nurses. When it is remembered how important a factor the medical missionary has always been in other missions, it is surprising that our Guatemalan work has grown to its present proportions without one.

Of Miss Branstine's work in Coban Rev. R. S. Anderson writes, "In the early part of 1927 Miss Bessie Branstine opened what we call an infirmary. Having no doctor in the mission, we could not very well call it a hospital. However that is what we are working toward—Sister Branstine's work is very interesting, and we feel that the hospital work would be a great means of reaching the people, especially the Indians. The city doctors have taken several patients to this infirmary, and its success has been good. It has sustained itself, or about so, up to the present time. It occupies one of the Board's buildings."

Under another date Rev. Anderson adds, "We have been a long time praying for a nurse. Miss Branstine has come. Now we are praying for a doctor."

Let every loyal Nazarene voice a hearty "Amen" to the missionary's prayer, and the answer will not be long materializing.

Let us also remember Miss Branstine in our daily prayers—that she may be granted wisdom from above, and strength as the days go by, and that she may always be Spirit-guided in her ministrations to sin-sick souls and to suffering bodies.

Her medical department, now in its infancy, will prove to be such a valuable asset that the Missionary Board cannot afford not to place Miss Branstine under regular appointment.

ROBERT C. INGRAM AND PEARL DIXON INGRAM

These charming missionaries are the watchmen on the walls of our Nazarene Mission at Salama, Guatemala.

Robert C. Ingram was born in Downs, Kansas, June 10, 1886, but his family moved to Oregon when he was five years old. His parents were Spiritualists, but they allowed their children to attend Sunday school, and taught them high ideals of morality, temperance and thrift. In his fifteenth year the boy Robert was led to Jesus by a Presbyterian pastor. He accepted Christ, and was blessedly and genuinely saved. By keeping very close to the Savior, the lad was kept true to God, and he led a victorious life for a number of years, although he knew nothing of the doctrine of Holiness until later, when he came in touch with some Nazarene people. Under their teaching he made a full surrender to God, and entered into the sweet experience of the "life hid with Christ in God." When he finished Grammar school it became necessary for the boy to go to work, and for a number of years after his father's

death, he supported his mother and younger brother and sisters.

Brother Ingram first felt a definite call to the ministry about the time of his first contact with the Church of the Nazarene. Realizing the incompleteness of his education, he decided to prepare himself for his life work at the Nazarene University, now called Pasadena College. He attended that institution for nine consecutive years, working his way during all of that period. He successfully completed the High school course, College of Liberal Arts, Christian Workers' Course and Normal. Surely a worthy example of application and achievement! During these years of student life his *missionary call* was in process of development. In the pursuance of his studies, and under the inspiration of missionary addresses, the heart-breaking need of Christ in pagan lands became deeply impressed upon the young student's mind, and with the impression a desire was kindled in his soul to give himself and his all to help meet that need. The cry of his heart became, " Lord, *if there is a place where others do not want to go,* let me go there." God granted his petition, and pointed to Latin-America as the field most neglected.

* * * * *

On January 12, 1889, a baby girl opened her eyes upon the lovely valley of Escondido in Southern California. The arrival of a baby was no novelty in her family, for ten other babies had preceded little Pearl, all in regular order. Nevertheless, the Lord had a place in His big world for the wee stranger. Little Pearl could boast of sturdy Quaker ancestry, and genuine missionary blood flowed in her veins, for her grandparents were pioneer Quaker missionaries who labored among the Indians for sixty years. Naturally the Dixon family circle were entertained with stories of the thrilling experiences of these missionary grandparents, which produced a profound impression upon the plastic mind of the little girl.

So little Pearl grew up under the wholesome influences of country life, and of godly instruction and example, both in the home and in Sunday school. The first fluttering of her missionary "call" stirred in her breast in early childhood. First a desire "not only to *be* good but to *do* good;" then "an early inward consciousness that something *special* was to be required of her by God." All these impressions became more clearly defined after Miss Dixon's radical conversion, which took place in the silent watches of the night when the young girl was communing alone with God.. She was twenty-two years of age when this occurred. A little later a Nazarene deaconess and two Nazarene preachers crossed her path, preaching the doctrine and experience of Holiness. To hear was to believe with Miss Dixon. She immediately sought the experience and found it, and her missionary "call" became a *summons*. She united with the Escondido Nazarene Church, and entered Pasadena College in preparation for her life work in 1911.

Miss Dixon proved to be a brilliant student. She completed her high school and college courses in six years, graduating in 1917. During this time she sang in a Ladies' Quartet for her tuition and worked in homes for her board. For two years following her graduation, she pursued the Bible college course, while acting as student teacher, and graduated in 1919. The next year, 1919-20, she served as full-time teacher and directed the missionary chapel services each week. The year 1920-21 was spent in recreation, but Miss Dixon improved the time by writing and publishing the life story of her missionary grandparents, under the title "Sixty Years Among The Indians." But all the while she was but waiting—waiting for a fellow-student to win his final college degrees.

The young man in question had entered the college one year after Miss Dixon. Both were in Pasadena school nine years, both worked their way during the whole period, and

they had been pursuing similar lines of study, and with the same end in view. So it is not strange that two young people with so much in common should discover one another, and of course, the "expected" happened. In July, 1921, Robert Ingram and Pearl Dixon were united in marriage. Receiving their missionary appointments, together they sailed away from the homeland and loved ones, and on October 1st arrived at Guatemala. They were stationed at Salama, where they found Miss Sara Cox serving alone, since Rev. and Mrs. Franklin had been obliged to leave the field on account of failing health. After two years Miss Cox also found it necessary to return to the higher altitude of Coban. This left the Ingrams alone at Salama, save for the Lord, whose abiding presence has sustained and strengthened and kept them immune from the malaria which has proved so fatal to others.

Six years have passed, and these two precious missionaries are still at their post of duty—cheerfully toiling, preaching, pastoring, evangelizing, employing their well-trained faculties in the Master's service, putting all of their best into heroic efforts to reach, with the healing message of salvation, the lost and dying of their district.

The above is only an outline which gives little idea of the devotion, the faith, the patience, the sublime courage, and the unfaltering cheerfulness of these messengers of the cross. Here and there in their writings glimpses of their true personality shine forth with a lovely radiance.

For instance, when Brother Ingram describes an evangelistic tour, we see the familiar picture of the missionary party climbing up the steep mountain trail, which in some places is so dim and uncertain that the travelers lose their way. But when the missionary attempts to describe the valley as viewed from the mountain height, his attention is diverted by the little houses which cling to the mountain sides. "Only rude huts, but

within those rude houses live hundreds, perhaps thousands, *who have never heard the gospel.* How our hearts long after these poor deceived souls groping for the light!" So the missionary countinues to climb the mountain trail, carrying the Light, even though "in some places there is little to eat, and nowhere to sleep but on the brick floor."

Again, in describing another evangelistic trip, Sister Ingram writes, "The missionary evangelist in Guatemala must learn to pray in the saddle, live under an umbrella or in a waterproof bag, eat tortillas, and keep his eyes closed to things not modest. Adaptability to primitive conditions of life; sympathy for ignorant, deceived souls; charity toward human weaknesses; a hardy constitution coupled with a good stomach; and above all that constant consciousness of God's call and commission—these things I have always believed were essential to successful missionary effort, but now I know they are indispensable."

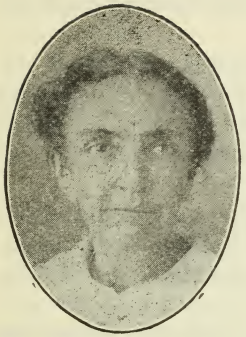
Is it an easy thing to be a missionary in Latin-America? Let Sister Ingram answer: "Are there hardships in the way? Oh, sometimes the saddle gets a little hard, and my mule does not seem to go as easily as I boast that she can, and the beauty of the landscape seems to fade a little, but in my heart there is a song, 'Sweet will of God, still draw me closer,' and I am filled with joy and praise as we journey on to God's next appointment for us."

In testimony, Rev. Ingram says, "After nearly six years of active missionary service I am fully persuaded that missionary work not only is worth while, but also it pays large returns for the money and effort expended. There is no more worthy cause and none more needy."

Sister Ingram also testifies, "After more than five yeare spent in missionary work, the conviction of my soul is that it is the greatest and most worth while employment there is—a task which challenges the noblest there is in us, tests our

endurance and resourcefulness to the utmost, and makes us partakers of Christ's own life as nothing else can. Our great est need at Salama is another pair of missionaries, and numbers of competent, trained Guatemalan pastors and evangelists to take care of the growing work."

MISS LEONA GARDNER



The subject of this sketch is one of our veteran missionaries from Tennessee. She was wisely instructed in the Holy Scriptures in her youth, and very early in life accepted Christ as her Savior. In 1894 her heart was cleansed from inbred sin, and she received the baptism of the Holy Spirit.

Miss Gardner was associated with Rev. J. O. McClurkan and his band of holiness workers in the evangelistic movement which culminated in the Pentecostal Mission of Nashville, Tenn. Under the teaching of the leaders of that movement she received her missionary "call," and she was one of the first missionaries sent to the foreign field by that association.

In January, 1902, a company of missionaries were appointed to Colombia, South America, to work among the Indians. But war in those regions closed the door of that field. The missionaries were led to Cuba instead. They landed January 30, 1902. From a human viewpoint they were in a serious predicament, for they were strangers in a strange land, unacquainted with the language, and without definite plans. But the Lord did not forsake His own. He led them to Trinidad, a city of 30,000 population. Here they were enabled to open a mission—the first Protestant Mission in that region. Success followed the effort. Many who had never heard the gospel before were saved, and a church was planted there.

But after a time reverses came. The leader of the mission died, and persecutions tested the faith of the believers. Some fell away from the truth, but many remain steadfast until the present time.

After a number of years Miss Gardner found herself the only Nazarene missionary left in Cuba, but still the Lord held her to the work. She has been privileged to carry the gospel message, and to testify to its saving power, in many places scattered over the island.

Being alone, so far as her own denomination is concerned, Miss Gardner has become identified with all of God's people in the district by co-operating with them whenever opportunity offered.

After twenty-five years of devoted service in Cuba, the heart of the missionary yearns over its people—over the scattered ones who have found Christ under her ministry, and who are keeping true to Him, even in the midst of severe trials and testings. Cuba has become this good missionary's adopted home, hallowed to her by tender memories of redeemed ones who have already crossed the silent river, "washed in the blood of the Lamb." In Cuba are many of Miss Gardner's dearest treasures. Among them is a thirteen-year-old lad who won her heart with a winsome baby smile when he was only three months old, even as the tears of the infant Moses captured the heart of the Egyptian princess many long years ago. Tenderly she has reared him as her own, but now that she has been called to Guatemala, she must leave the boy behind, because it is impossible to get a passport for him under present conditions.

No wonder Miss Gardner feels "an intense love and desire for the salvation of Cuba." In a recent letter she says, "By God's grace I shall never give up the Cuban Mission. I have only launched farther out into the deep, and Cuba is still

between me and the shore lines of the homeland. We are trusting that God will so lay us and all our territory on your hearts that your prayers for us will be in the Holy Spirit, and will prevail."

In the early part of 1927 Miss Gardner was transferred by the Missionary Board to Coban, Guatemala. She accepts the transfer as the call of God, and cheerfully she responds,

"I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord,
Over mountain, or plain, or sea."

Already she has waved a fond "good-by" to her dear ones in Cuba, and at present writing, she is at Salama, en route to Coban, but tarrying a few weeks with Brother and Sister Ingram. Sister Ingram writes, "We appreciate the privilege of having her with us."

And Brother Anderson at Coban writes of her, "She will be a great help to us in the work, since she is a tried and true missionary."

Miss Gardner herself writes, "Yes, there are many of His lost ones scattered among the mountains and valleys of this tropical land, and if our Father will, I shall be glad to serve Him many years in this beautiful land of Guatemala. When I think of the need of this Latin-American field—I long for God to give our Nazarene people a vision of the conditions, and of their responsibility to God."

Let all the people say, "Amen!"

Argentina Group

REV. FRANK FERGUSON AND LULA H. FERGUSON

These good missionaries are true veterans of the cross. With twenty-four years of faithful service behind them, still they are toiling on the upward way, "sowing beside all waters," believing for an abundant harvest in the "sweet bye and bye."

Frank Ferguson is a native of Salem, Virginia. He was reared by a Methodist mother who required of all her ten children regular attendance at Sunday school, *with lessons prepared.* Frank was converted when only eleven years old, but lost the witness of the Spirit because he was too timid to testify. But in 1898, during a revival meeting, young Ferguson began to seek God in earnest. He spent much time in prayer and reading the Scriptures, and finally, while on his knees in his own room, he received the whispered assurance of sins all forgiven. Soon after this, the youth surrendered himself wholly to God, and received the witness of the Spirit to

his sanctification. Later he accepted Christ as his healer, and received new light upon the Second Advent of the Lord Jesus.

After listening to a missionary address, the young man felt the call of God to the foreign field, and at once began preparations for his life work. He entered a Theological School in Nashville, Tenn. While pursuing his studies he came in contact with the Pentecostal Mission conducted by Rev. J. O. McClurkan. At the end of his school year he went into tent work with a band of these Holiness workers. The valuable experience gained during that summer proved to be a blessing to him in later years.

The following winter Mr. Ferguson entered the training school which later became Trevecca College. He reached the junior year in that institution before he left home. His association with the Pentecostal Mission precipitated the opposition of his relatives, for his mother had designed Frank for the Methodist ministry. By God's help he was enabled to successfully prevail over this severe test, even though it meant a literal forsaking all to follow Jesus.

The young missionary's first term of service on the foreign field was in the Island of Cuba, under the Pentecostal Mission. He went to that strange land in March, 1903, served two years, then returned to the United States for another year's training at Trevecca. While in Cuba he met Miss Lula Hutcherson, a fellow worker in the mission. Since she became his wife their work for the Lord has been one.

Miss Lula Hutcherson was born on a farm near Park, Kentucky. She was converted in early youth. Later, under the preaching of Holiness, she was deeply convicted of her need of a clean heart. So powerful was the conviction that she could neither eat nor sleep, and she felt that she would die if she did not get the blessing. Finally she made the required consecration, and the Lord sanctified her wholly on May 12, 1897.

A year later, while engaged in secret prayer, the Lord flashed before her a vision of the appalling spiritual need of South America, and with it came the divine commission of Matt. 28:19, "Go ye, therefore."

In obedience to that command, Miss Hutcherson offered herself to the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Church, South. She entered the Scarritt Bible and Training School at Kansas City, Mo. But her health proved unequal to the strain of preparation. She suffered a complete physical break-down, and was compelled to return to her father's home, where she was informed that it would be impossible for her ever to be a missionary. At first this stroke seemed more than she could bear, but the Lord sustained her with the promise, "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust in Him, and He shall bring it to pass." Although her life was despaired of, and the attending physician informed her that she had but one more day to live, she continued to trust in God, and the Lord performed a miracle in her case, and instantly raised her up.

In 1903 Miss Hutcherson went to Cuba, but "provisionally," while waiting for the way to open to South America. The "provision" was at hand in the person of Rev. Frank Ferguson. Returning to the United States, they were married in October 1906, and the next month they took their departure for Ecuador. On account of climatic conditions they remained in that country only a few months. They proceeded to Bolivia. Here they opened a mission, sowed precious seed, and were hoping eventually to labor among the Indians, but after two years' service, they were advised to return to the United States, because of Mrs. Ferguson's declining health.

After a few months' sojourn in the homeland, the call of the South again tugged at their heart-strings. After selling out all of their possessions, at their own expense they went back to

South America. This time they selected Argentina for the base of operations, hoping that the climate would be more favorable than the high altitudes of Bolivia. They landed in Argentina December 16, 1909. Here they were strangers in a new field, without the support of any organization, and without definite plans. They met with many difficulties, and suffered much, but the love of Christ constrained them. They remained in Argentina ten years, with the exception of one year when they were forced by breaking health to return to the homeland for a brief rest. They employed their time in colportage work and evangelizing in new towns and needy districts which had never been touched by the gospel. During all of this time the missionaries depended upon God alone for their daily bread. Many times they did not know where the next day's provisions were to come from, but the heavenly Father never failed to send His "ravens," even as He sustained the prophet by the brook Cherith.

In 1919 the Church of the Nazarene undertook the support of Brother and Sister Ferguson, and appointed them to Cuba, where they had first commenced their missionary labors. At the same time Carlos H. Miller, who had been compelled to leave his cherished work in Mexico on account of the revolution in that country, came to Argentina, and opened a Nazarene Mission in Buenos Aires. Very soon after the arrival of the Fergusons in Cuba, the Missionary Board closed the work there, and the missionaries returned to Argentina in March 1920, to help Rev. Miller in the new work at Buenos Aires. At this time the four, Rev. and Mrs. Carlos H. Miller and Rev. and Mrs. Frank Ferguson, became the regularly appointed missionaries of the Church of the Nazarene for Argentina.

A little Sunday school was first started, in the private room of the Millers, and neighborhood services were conducted in

the same place. After a time a large hall in a central location was rented. Later a second hall was opened in a distant part of the city. Rev. and Mrs. Guy McHenry came to the assistance of the growing mission the next year, 1921, but in 1922 the Fergusons returned to the United States on furlough, after eight years of continuous service on foreign soil.

Three years of rest from missionary labor proved to be of great benefit to the veteran missionaries' health, and in June 1925 they were again able to take up their work in Buenos Aires. At present (1927) they are the only missionaries on that field, since the McHenrys left for Peru in 1925, and the Millers returned to the United States on furlough early in the summer of 1927.

Buenos Aires is a very difficult field because of the worldliness of the shifting population, with its disrespect for all things sacred, and its deep-seated prejudice against all religion. This prejudice has been engendered by the gross corruption of the priesthood, and the cruel oppression of the Roman hierarchy. But our missionaries have been preserved in the midst of their spiritual enemies, and through their loyalty to God, their unflinching fidelity to duty, their pure, wholesome living, and their Christly love for suffering humanity, they have gained a respectful hearing for the gospel message, while their ministry is bearing precious fruit for the Master. Their policy is to train the native converts to carry the gospel to their own people, and to finance their own work, but they sadly need more missionaries, and more money for this important task of training. Rev. Ferguson sends a word of testimony as follows:

"During these twenty-four years of service the enemy has held dark pictures before us, and we have spent many hours in conflict with the powers of darkness, but we have never doubted the divine call to ALL THE WORLD. We are

conscious of being in the Master's will, and had rather be where we are than anywhere else in the world, should Jesus come today."

And his good wife adds her tribute of praise, "Ever since I first had the privilege of witnessing to those who had never known Jesus, I have been sorry that I had *only one* life to give. If I had ten thousand lives I would lay them every one at Jesus' feet to obey His command, 'Go ye, therefore.' Hallelujah! It pays to obey. Here we must depend altogether on divine help, because the church is weak. The power of the wicked one has held sway in these parts for years, and we must pray through. Hallelujah! 'The Eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the Everlasting Arms!' "

REV. and MRS. CARLOS H. MILLER

These are veteran missionaries who have stood in the front of the battle, first in Mexico, and later in Argentina. Their term of service has been a long one, and we regret that we have not been able to secure any biographical information in regard to either of them. We know nothing of their early life and training, neither are we acquainted with the circumstances of their call to the foreign missionary field.

Our first knowledge of Brother Carlos H. Miller dates back to 1905 when he introduced holiness into the capital city of Mexico by planting a holiness mission in Mexico City. The work grew and prospered under his leadership, and he was ably assisted by Dr. Santin, a sanctified Mexican minister. About 1910 Brother Miller was sent by the Missionary Board to Jalisco to take charge of the holiness mission which Rev. J. D. Scott's Nazarene colony was supporting. At this place Rev. Miller became acquainted with Mrs. Leona Turner, one of the

colonists who was active in the mission work. This elect lady afterward became his wife.

All went well at Jalisco until the outbreak of the revolution in 1912, when all of the missionaries were obliged to flee for their lives. Brother and Sister Miller tarried for a time at Tonala, hoping that in some way the obstacles might be overcome, but their hopes were vain. Very soon, they too were forced to return to the United States.

But the true missionary is a dauntless soul. He is well trained in the art of overcoming difficulties, and he is willing to pay any price for the privilege of spending himself for the salvation of precious souls who are perishing in the shadows of paganism. When he is driven out of one field, he straightway seeks another.

After a short sojourn in the homeland, Rev. and Mrs. Miller went to the Argentine where they worked, for a time, under the Christian and Missionary Alliance. But in 1919 the Missionary Board accepted these good people as regular missionaries of the Church of the Nazarene. Rev. and Mrs. Frank Ferguson, who had been working in Argentina for a number of years as independent missionaries, were accepted at the same time. These four were appointed to open a Nazarene mission in Buenos Aires.

Brother and Sister Miller went first, in September 1919. They opened meetings and a little Sunday school, at first in their own private room, but later in a rented hall. Brother and Sister Ferguson arrived in March. The progress of the work in Buenos Aires from this point is described in our sketch of Rev. Frank Ferguson, and need not be repeated here.

Mission work in the great southern metropolis is beset with many difficulties. There is ignorance, superstition, and the deep-seated prejudice of a Rome-ridden populace for our missionaries to contend against. Added to these are the disad-

vantages of a shifting population, the fickleness of the popular mind, and the numberless worldly attractions which the devil plants in a large city. A prominent feature of the Nazarene mission in Buenos Aires is a large show window display of Bibles, tracts and mottoes which preach to the people as they pass along the street.

It requires much grace, added to heroism of the highest order, to carry on a Protestant mission in a city like Buenos Aires. But our Nazarene missionaries are of the royal order of King Emanuel, sustained by a devotion that is never failing and a faith that is sublime. The Lord has been gracious with them, and has blessed their labors. Their patience and Christly love are breaking down the prejudice and eventually will win the day. But they sadly need re-enforcement, tent equipment for evangelizing, automobiles for transportation, and means for the training of native workers. Above all they need the love and the prayers of God's people.

After about eight years of continuous service in Buenos Aires Rev. and Mrs. Miller returned to the United States in 1927 for a much needed furlough. They arrived in Los Angeles April 7, and reported a "nice long trip" and "all well" although they traveled third class in order to have a little money left after expenses were paid. In a letter to Headquarters, written at the time of his arrival in Los Angeles, Rev. Miller says:

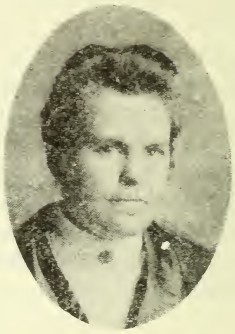
"We are looking to God for His plan to unfold for us in the future. He never has failed us yet. Our earnest desire at this time is for the education of the children. I am trusting that God is blessing and answering prayer for His great cause at this trying time. I feel that the night will soon be over and the glad day will be here. I beg an interest in your prayers that I may be used in some way for His glory while in the homeland. *I am quite a stranger here.*"

A "stranger" in his native land? Indeed that pathetic

statement conveys a wealth of meaning that is seldom appreciated by our church people. After long years of service in a foreign land, it is not an easy matter for a missionary to adjust himself to conditions in the homeland. Especially is this true at the present time when employment of any kind is so hard for anyone to find. Our furloughed missionaries often suffer in silence, and they are even more neglected than are the workers on the field. The heart of the church is right, but she is sometimes careless and thoughtless. But, beloved, we have no right to be so. Surely these messengers of the cross who have spent time, and talents, and strength, and their very heart's blood in behalf of our foreign missions, have a very sacred claim upon our love, and our attention, and our prayers! Lord Jesus! help us to be more mindful of our obligations!

Mexican Group

REV. J. D. SCOTT AND MRS. EDITH SCOTT



Rev. J. D. Scott and his good wife are veteran missionaries, tried and true having sixteen years of valiant service to their credit in Mexico, Guatemala, South America and the West Indies.

Brother Scott is a native of Texas. He was born September 19, 1875, and reared in a Christian home, on a farm near Peoria, Texas. He was converted in a Methodist brush arbor meeting in August 1894, when he was nineteen years of age. Three months later, while driving along the public highway, the young man surrendered himself to God, and was sanctified wholly. He entered the ministry a month later, but attended the Texas Holiness University where he received his education and training for his life work.

The early years of Brother Scott's ministry were employed in evangelistic and city mission work, but in 1906 he moved

to Pilot Point, Texas, to edit the Holiness Evangel. This was the first official organ of the Holiness Church of Christ, which later was united with the Church of the Nazarene. For three years he was Superintendent of the Nazarene Bible Institute, and two years Superintendent of the Dallas District.

Early in 1910 Rev. Scott experienced a definite call from God to labor among the Spanish-speaking people of Latin-America. He succeeded in assembling a car-load of Nazarene people who felt a similar prompting of the Spirit. Together they journeyed to Jalisco in southern Mexico, where they formed a colony for the purpose of supporting an independent holiness mission. They bought property, and at once began the work of farming and stock growing. They also started a school, and opened an orphanage and a hospital. Rev. Scott superintended the school work. The colony also owned a valuable printing plant.

Brother Scott represented the Mexican work at the General Assembly at Nashville, Tenn., in 1911. At that time he was appointed by the Missionary Board to edit a paper called The Missionary Evangel. The periodical was printed in English, and circulated in the United States for the purpose of interesting the church people in foreign missions.

Many of the colonists gave freely of their time, and of their means, and of their talents to further the work of the new mission. All was prosperous and the outlook was bright. But suddenly the storm clouds of war broke over the country, culminating in the Mexican revolution. Sadly the colonists were obliged to close all their institutions, to abandon all their property, and to flee for their lives. With breaking hearts and tear-dimmed eyes, the missionaries with their families, twenty-seven in all, turned their faces away from the scene of their once cherished hopes. In May 1912 they were escorted by a guard of five hundred Mexican soldiers, about one hundred

miles to the port of Salina Cruz. There the colonists were placed on board the American transport Buford, to sail back to the homeland. Brother Scott says: "My own family were among the number, and it was the saddest day of all my life to leave the work which God was so marvelously blessing. For eight years the doors of our mission were closed on account of the revolution, and the voice of God's messengers was not heard in all the land."

But in 1919 Rev. Scott was commissioned by the Missionary Board to tour the Nazarene Districts in Mexico with a view of investigating the condition of the mission property after the ravages of war. He found it in fair condition, even though all of it had been used by the government for hospitals, barracks, etc. The Lord had preserved it for His own use later on. At the General Assembly in 1919 Dr. V. G. Santin, a native missionary who had been pastoring the Nazarene work in Mexico City, was appointed superintendent of Mexico. He immediately set to work to reopen the stations which had been abandoned, placing each under an experienced native pastor. At the same time, Rev. J. D. Scott was made Superindent of the Mexico and Central American Districts.

In November of the same year, 1919, he moved to Coban, Guatemala, where his family made their residence for about five years, while Brother Scott toured all the Nazarene stations in Guatemala, and as far as was possible, in Mexico, performing the offices of a District Superintendent. At the last assembly, in 1923, he was made one of the three Missionary Superintendents, his territory comprising all of the Latin-American countries where Nazarene missions were located.

While traveling in Mexico, the Superintendent's way was, like the Apostle Paul's beset with perils on every hand. Describing conditions in war-stricken Mexico in 1924, Brother Scott writes; "Most of the time it has been both unpleasant and

unsafe for foreigners, especially Americans, to travel, but I have traveled across the entire republic several times when I would be the only foreigner on the train, and have witnessed many battles, in which I, with the other passengers, have had to lie down on the floor of the car to escape the flying bullets which were smashing windows and perforating the sides of the car."

The Superintendent's career was enlivened by many a thrill. On one occasion, he was endeavoring to reach his station on the isthmus. Of his experience he writes: "All passenger service having been suspended, we had to ride on troop trains and in box cars. I cannot say how many whole nights we spent in a crowded box car, with no place to sit except the floor, and every minute expecting an attack from the enemy. We were in two very serious wrecks caused by the enemy's tearing up the tracks. We were, at one time, two days and nights in the jungles without food, and another time the enemy had taken the spikes out of the rails. Our engine turned completely over and several cars were burned—two people killed and five wounded. We were one whole night caring for the wounded, as we were the only ones who had any kind of remedies."

In addition to these perils and adventures which are peculiar to war conditions, Rev. Scott experienced a full measure of the other discomforts and privations which all missionaries in Latin-America must contend with—the long journeys on mule back over rough roads, in rain and sun and excessive heat, with impure water and unpalatable food, sleeping on benches or bricks or the hard cold ground, shaking with fever and chills. Yet through all of these the missionary declares, "we are more than conquerors through Him who loved us and gave Himself for us."

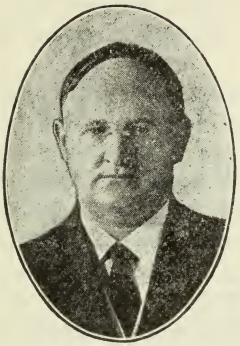
"But does all this suffering pay?" someone asks. In an article written on the field our missionary answers: "It is not

difficult to find the answer when we look at these brown faces radiant with the glow of heaven, and hear them testify that they have been saved from drunkenness, or lifted from the cesspool of immorality, or brought from the darkness of idolatry to the marvelous light and liberty in Christ Jesus." Difficult as missionary work is in those dark lands, it has nevertheless, its glorious recompense.

While her husband was busy on his large district, Mrs. Scott labored faithfully with the missionaries at Coban until 1925 when a serious illness compelled her return to the United States. Then in 1925 the unfortunate financial condition in the church necessitated the recall of the three Missionary Superintendents. Reluctantly again Brother Scott was compelled to leave the work upon which he had expended his best effort and his undying devotion. He returned to San Antonio, Texas, where at present (1927) he is serving the Nazarene church as pastor.

But a devoted missionary is never happy when absent from his field of labor. Even when he is surrounded by good friends and the luxuries of our American civilization, he lives a life apart. He is present here in the flesh, but his spirit is in a far distant land—a land of dark shadows. None can comprehend the anguish of the true missionary when he feels the tug upon his heart-strings of the souls that are perishing in his own familiar field, while he is powerless to go to their aid. In a recent letter Brother Scott writes: "I am heart-broken and discouraged over being away from the field to which God so definitely called me. My heart is there. I want to live and die in Latin-America."

REV. E. Y. DAVIS AND MRS. E. Y. DAVIS



Rev. E. Y. Davis was born of Methodist parentage. He was converted at fourteen years of age, but his call to the ministry came several years later, during the Spanish-American war. Young Davis was attending a Methodist school in Florida at the time. He chose for the subject of an oration "Columbia's Mission." In developing his theme, he argued that the United States should aim to give Cuba, and other countries under Spanish rule, not only political liberty, but religious liberty and the gospel as well. The young speaker was convicted under his own preaching.

After completing a college course at Emory University, Rev. Davis went to Cuba to take charge of a Methodist mission. He found there a charming young lady teaching in the mission school. She was raised in a Methodist home, and had enjoyed the advantages of Christian training and association. But her father's home was next to the parsonage, and she was only too well acquainted with the problems and difficulties which

pertain to ministerial life. So the young school teacher had made a solemn vow never, under any circumstances, to marry a preacher! Nevertheless, when the new pastor of the mission pressed his suit, she forgot her vow, because, of course, he was "different."

Soon after their marriage the young couple were obliged to return to the United States because Mrs. Davis was seriously ill with malarial fever. Ten long years they were exiles in their native land, engaged in pastoral and school work in Missouri and Washington. But all the while their hearts were yearning over the missions in Cuba and in other Latin-American countries.

At last, in 1918, an opportunity came to return to Cuba to engage in welfare work for a large sugar company. This they accepted as the Lord's leading to get them back into mission work. Just before leaving for Cuba Rev. and Mrs. Davis joined the Church of the Nazarene in Eldorado, Kansas. They returned the next year to attend the General Assembly of 1919 in Kansas City, where they were accepted by the Missionary Board as regular missionaries.

Their expectations were, of course, to spend their lives in Cuba, but the Lord planned otherwise. They did remain on the island two more years, but when they returned to the States in 1921 the Board requested them to tarry for a time in El Paso, to take charge of the Mexican work in that city which Rev. S. D. Athans had been conducting for a number of years. This they consented to do, but with some reluctance. However, soon after their arrival at El Paso, the Lord gave the missionaries a new vision of the possibilities and the importance of the new district to which they had been assigned, and with the vision, a great love for the people. They have remained in this border city from 1921 until the present time (1927), with the exception of one year, 1925, which they spent in

Gautemala superintending the boys' school at Coban. They were dearly loved by their pupils at Coban, and their presence and fellowship were a very great blessing to the missionaries at that station. But Mrs. Davis was not able to resist the malaria of that country. So they resigned their places as directors of the boys' school and as pastors of the Coban church. When they said "good-by" some of the boys followed them out of the town and far up the mountain climb, then watched with tear-dimmed eyes until their beloved teachers vanished from their sight in the distance.

But Rev. and Mrs. Davis returned to their post at El Paso convinced that it was the place where the Lord intended them to labor. The importance of missionary work at El Paso cannot be over estimated. It is situated on the American side of the "border," with Juarez directly opposite on the Mexican side. Rev. Davis writes of it:

"Because of its geographical location, and more especially because of the spiritual complex of its people, Mexico is the most important strategically of all Latin-American countries. She is the 'key' to Central and South America. What we do in Mexico will have a most powerful influence on the countries south of her. Our merchants and our statesmen are finding this out."

It may be added that as Mexico is the key to Central and South America, so El Paso and Juarez form the key to Mexico. Our work in Juarez is ably conducted by Sister Elizondo, while Rev. and Mrs. Davis have charge in El Paso. They pastor both the Mexican and the American churches in the city, and Rev. Davis also performs the duties of District Superintendent of Mexican work, the territory comprising California, Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Northern Mexico! In addition to all this, these good people spend much time visiting the jails and the hospitals and ministering to the unfortunate inmates

of the El Paso Home for Girls. In regard to this part of the work Mrs. Davis writes, "The Lord has opened new doors, great opportunities in the last few months even, more than I can possibly enter, for lack of time and strength, although I am driving the car on an average of 1,000 to 1,200 miles a month, just visiting the sick and the afflicted, and some who are interested in the gospel."

In many respects the work in El Paso is much harder than on the foreign field, because of the extreme aggressiveness of the Roman Catholic hierarchy in this section. The Catholics are spending millions of dollars in schools and churches and hospitals and orphanages, and their powerful influence is in evidence everywhere. Nevertheless, the Mexicans are waking as never before to a sense of their need of the gospel. This is true both in Mexico and along the "border." Our missionaries say, "Mexican Catholics are finding the Lord in our services, in the hospitals, and the jails, in increasing numbers. A Mexican is more zealous in his religion (than the Cuban) and stands true to his convictions."

With all its difficulties there are also encouraging features in the El Paso work which bring joy to the hearts of the missionaries. Chief among these is the transformation of character in the lives of the converts. Brother Davis writes of Antonio Chacon, who was once a drunkard who prayed to the Virgin to help him in a fight, now for nine years an exemplary member of the church. And Sister Davis tells of an intelligent young Mexican who was sentenced to the electric chair. He was innocent but there was no hope for him. He came to the missionary because he had been told that she could help him to find pardon with the Lord, and such a peace that he would not fear death. After prayer, the face of the suppliant became radiant with the peace which passeth understanding. The young man remained steadfast in the faith, and

unafraid, even though death was near. Oh! the wonderful power of the gospel, the same yesterday, today and forever! It makes no distinctions of race, or color, or habitat, or condition.

In a recent letter Rev. Davis makes the following pertinent suggestion; "The greatest need in Mexico is a more sympathetic understanding between the people of the United States and Mexico. We have assumed a kind of *superiority* over these people which is most damaging to the cause. So many of *our own Nazarene people* will speak and act in such a way as to make the Mexicans think that we feel ourselves to be better than they."

And Sister Davis suggests, "Surely our greatest need here in the city, on the border, and in the interior, is for *more native workers*. No one can do the work like their own people. We have the men and the women waiting to go, but no means."

Our sister adds her testimony: "After six years in Cuba, one in Guatemala, and five here, we can truly say, 'these are our people.' After five years of hard work, problems, battles and VICTORIES here in El Paso, I can think of no greater blessing than to be allowed to continue here. My own Christian experience has been deepened, my sympathies broadened, my faith increased, and my zeal inspired as I have worked among the Mexicans in El Paso. Their simple faith has taught me to trust the Lord for all my problems; to trust Him for the health and safety and the continued salvation of my three children while I give myself to the work."

Brother Davis also testifies: "The Lord is blessing in a wonderful way the work down here. The calls for meetings are more than we can fill. The Mexicans are asking for Bibles and tracts, and are seeking the Lord at our altars as they never have before. The Catholic yoke is being broken, and God is freeing the people from its awful bondage. Pray that we may be faithful and measure up to our opportunity."

SANTOS ELIZONDO

This remarkable woman is conducting her wonderful mission in the city of Jaurez, on the Mexican side of the border, across from El Paso where Rev. and Mrs. E. Y. Davis are laboring. She tells her story in such a quaint and charming manner that we are passing it on to our readers in her own words. We feel that any attempt to alter the narrative, or add to it, would only mar its beauty and its effectiveness.—A. N. H.

* * * * *

There is great joy in my heart for I can tell you that our Savior saves souls in our country like He does in your country. When I give my testimony my heart is full of joy because I know it is for the honor and glory of God. Amen.

I was born in Chihuahua, Mexico, fifty-eight years ago. Until I was thirty-seven years old I was a Roman Catholic, hating the Christians with a murderous hate, thinking that if I could kill some I would please my God. When the Protestants first came to our town, the priest told me I must molest them in every way that I could, and thus obtain the blessing of the Lord. So I had the little boys to gather up stones, and while the Christians were in their services I had the boys stone the house, making all the noise we could.

My dear Lord had mercy on me. I became very ill, and finally decided to leave my country and come to the States to

seek health. And such beautiful health my heavenly Father has given me, both physical and spiritual!

I went to Los Angeles, and there they took me to the county hospital for a very serious operation. As I went on the operating table I realized for the first time in my life that if I died then I would be lost forever. I breathed a prayer to God. As I came from under the ether I heard the most beautiful singing I had ever heard, and I was so glad that the Lord had really let me into heaven. But as I came more to myself I realized that I was still in the flesh. So I asked who was singing. They said, "The Nazarenes are singing." That pleased and reassured me for we had a Nazarene society in the Roman Church. Sister McReynolds, our dear sister who has worked for many fruitful years in the Mexican work in Los Angeles, gave me some tracts, prayed with me and led me into this precious experience. For three months she taught me the way more perfectly. Then I went to Arizona to my family. They determined to drive this heresy out of me. They refused to give me anything but the scraps that were left on the table after they had eaten. My own precious mother preferred to see me dead rather than be a heretic.

When I could endure no more I went with my husband to El Paso. He beat me every day to make me give up my religion. The Lord sustained me in all this and gave me peace and joy. Later I had the great blessing of seeing my husband saved and sanctified. He died a most victorious death in 1917. Praise the Lord!

The services in the little Mexican mission in Los Angeles had been like heaven to me, so I naturally had a great desire to go to the services in El Paso. I went to one, but it was cold and strange. I went to all of them, but I found no fellowship. I felt I would die if I could not testify in some service. So finally I sent a note to one of the pastors asking for the

privilege of testifying. He answered me that he did not allow a woman to speak in his church. I went home heart broken. I went to talk to my heavenly Father about it, begging Him to let me find some place where I could feel what I had felt in the Los Angeles mission.

He answered me in such a way as I would never have believed possible. He revealed to me that if I wished to see and feel what I had felt in the church in Los Angeles, then I must open a work like it here in El Paso. It was impossible! I was sure it was blasphemous for me to even think of it. What could I do? A Mexican woman holding services! Surely God would strike me dead! But the burden was upon me more day and night. Alone in my house I prayed and cried, but the more I prayed and cried, the more the burden pressed. I felt like a bird in a cage. I wanted to fly but could not open the door. At night I dreamed of preaching to multitudes. When I could resist no longer, one night I took my song book, my Bible, and a small lamp, and accompanied by a little nephew, I found a street corner. But I looked around me and saw too many people. I was sure that would not do. I went to another corner, but as I was about to begin, again I saw too many people. That wouldn't do either. So I went to a third corner. Before I could see the people and be frightened again, I quickly shut my eyes, and began to pray. When I finished praying I was afraid to open my eyes for I heard many people talking. When I did open my eyes I found that I was in front of a house of ill fame, and that the women had come out on the steps to see what was happening. The Spirit of the Lord came upon me, and I opened my Bible and began to read. I forgot who I was and where I was, and only saw lost women before me. A pretty Cuban girl was saved. She gave proof by leaving that life, and finally she went home to be forever with the Lord.

I talked to my neighbors and to every one who would listen. Finally I invited them to my house for services. When the Lord had given me twenty-five people beautifully saved, I realized it was time to organize the work in some way. This was done on March 7, 1907.

I had to have someone to play the organ, so I took four lessons. The first one I learned the staff; the second one the notes; the third the time, and the fourth I learned my first hymn, "Jesus Lover of My Soul." Then I learned four others, and with these we had the services. The Lord made those hymns sound most beautiful, and the congregation seemed never to tire of them.

I kept on with the work until Brother Athans came to take charge. I was ordained then, and decided to go to Juarez to work. This is a city of twenty-thousand people. A city of great vice and poverty. As I had been opposed by the pastors of the other churches in El Paso because I was a woman, even so it was worse in Jaurez. But the Lord has blessed my efforts and given me many souls.

In 1921 a widow died and willed me seven children without willing me anything with which to take care of them. I did not know what to do, but soon saw that the Lord was directing, and I must trust Him. We have had as many as 65 children in the Home, and we have never missed a meal, though many have been frugal. I have received no support from the Board, of course, but the Lord has abundantly supplied our needs. The children have learned to trust the Lord for our daily bread. Many of them are intercessors. We have reduced the number now to thirty-two, for the new laws have closed the other church orphanages, and I fear they will close this one also. The Lord will open and close doors in His own way and time.

Since starting to work in Juarez I have prayed earnestly

that He would give us a church of our own. In March we saw this prayer answered, for the Board bought a good property on the Main street. The Lord has helped our small and poor congregation to remodel a part of the building into a pretty church. This will be dedicated on August 14th, 1927. If you could know our poverty you would know how great a victory this is.

Although our laws now prohibit foreigners from preaching in our country, we really are being protected and helped if we obey. They require all of us to register. The priests have refused to do this, so they say they are being persecuted, for they were given the order to register and obey the laws, or get out. They left the country. Those Catholic priests who obeyed the laws are being protected, and given liberty to work just as we are.

I have baptized many Catholic babies, and have had many funerals for the Catholics, for they have no priests to do it. I am glad for every opportunity of preaching a living Christ.

The door is wide open in Mexico for the gospel. Our American brothers and sisters must understand this. Our people are hungry. They are disillusioned also with their own priests and traditions. You must help us with our opportunity now.

If we can win the Mexican women for Christ we have won the home. Really just now the Woman's Missionary Society is the best service we have. We have as many as twenty-five Catholic women in one meeting. They listen eagerly to the gospel, and many are accepting. People from every walk of life are asking for Bibles. They are leaving the Roman Catholic religion. If we fail to give them the truth at this time, they will leave all faith in God, and He alone knows what will become of our poor country. We must not fail the Lord.

May God richly bless you all and give us the vision and the faith. Yours in His service,

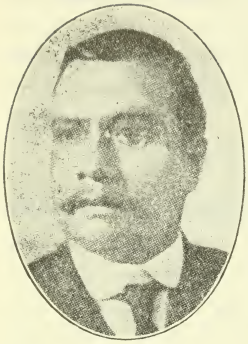
SANTOS ELIZONDO.

* * * * *

Comment is unnecessary. The above story carries its own appeal! But dear Nazarene readers, the writer of this charming narrative is a native Mexican woman. Imagine the effect if hundreds of native workers like her were broadcasting the gospel tidings over poor, war-torn Mexico!

Let us pray much for Sister Santos Elizondo and her noble work.—A. N. H.

DR. V. G. SANTIN



Dr. V. G. Santin is a native Mexican minister who was associated with Rev. Carlos H. Miller in the early years of the mission founded by Brother Miller in Mexico City. During the troubled years of the revolution, when all American missionaries were banished from Mexico, Dr. Santin remained at his post in the capital city. Through all those turbulent years of strife and storm this faithful missionary kept the mission open at the expense of much suffering and very great persecution. In later years this mission has grown to be a great church, a center of spiritual power, and many souls have been saved and sanctified at its altar.

At the General Assembly of 1919 Dr. Santin was appointed Superintendent of the Nazarene missions in Mexico, since the Mexican laws prohibited foreigners from preaching in Mexico. He at once began the work of reopening all the Nazarene stations which the missionaries had been compelled to abandon eight years before. He sent Brother Jose Monte and Brother Bernabe Delgado, and other faithful and efficient native ministers to reopen the various stations. Many of the old converts rallied to the support of their new pastors, and under the able superintendency of Dr. Santin, the work of the Lord has prospered in all of these places. Indeed, the work has grown more rapidly than the present force of native preachers can successfully handle. Need of more trained workers is very urgent.

But needy districts have been evangelized, new churches have been organized, and many precious souls saved.

A letter from Dr. Santin which appears in The Other Sheep of June 1927 displays a picture of the first graduating class from the Mexican Nazarene Seminary—a Bible training school for native ministers in Mexico City. Three fine young men and three young women have completed the course of study and have consecrated their lives to God's service.

In the same article Dr. Santin speaks of a new peril which threatens the Christian missions in certain localities in Mexico, where the government has passed a new regulation which prohibits congregations from holding religious services in rented houses. To obviate this difficulty, the native Christians have organized a society for constructing churches, each member solemnly promising to co-operate by furnishing land, material, labor and money. This is a very great hardship for this dear people who are, for the most part, extremely poor. They need the prayers and the help of God's people.

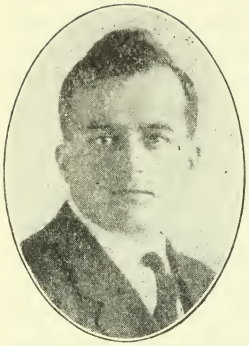
Let all the Nazarene family remember to pray for our precious workers in Mexico, and for Dr. Santin who has recently sustained a great loss in the death of his wife. (1927)

Above all let the tithes and offerings pour into God's storehouse, so that our faithful Mexican flock may be provided with suitable places of worship, and with pastors who will "prepare them a table in the presence of their enemies" and lead them in safe paths for His name's sake.

* * * * *

The list of our Latin-American missionaries is not complete without the names of Dr. V. G. Santin and Rev. S. D. Athans. We have no biographical data of these worthy missionaries, hence can only briefly mention their work.

REV. S. D. ATHANS



Rev. S. D. Athans took charge of Santos Elizondo's Mexican work in El Paso when she started her new mission in Juarez in 1912.

Brother Athans conducted a Mexican church and a Bible school in El Paso, and he kept his mission open during the years of the Mexican revolution and through all the disturbances that followed. Rev. Athans at El Paso and Santos Elizondo at Juarez held the front on the "border," while Dr. Santin kept the work together at Mexico City. All honor is due to these noble soldiers of the cross for their valiant service in those years of war.

Rev. and Mrs. E. Y. Davis took Brother Athans' place in El Paso in 1921. Since that time he has been evangelizing extensively in Mexico and Guatemala and other Latin-American countries.

May the Master whom he serves continue to use Rev. S. D. Athans as a chosen vessel prepared for His use.

Memoirs

REV. E. RADEMACHER

Our story of Nazarene missions in Peru cannot be complete without a tribute to the devoted, faithful missionary who labored in that hard field for a little season, and then was called home to his eternal reward.

Rev. Rademacher was a native of Germany. He was born in that country in 1886. He was converted ,and joined the Church of the Nazarene in 1914, and was sanctified wholly in 1916. He was educated in Northwest Nazarene College, and soon after his graduation the Missionary Board accepted him as a missionary and appointed him to Monsefu, Peru. At the time of the new missionary's arrival at Monsefu Rev. and Mrs. Winans were leaving that station for San Miguel, thence to travel onward to Jaen and the Aguarunas.

Brother and Sister Rademacher took their places at Monsefu, and labored with the rare patience and devotion which is characteristic of our Nazarene missionaries. They suffered the privations and the difficulties which attend a struggling pioneer mission in a difficult field, but they accepted them joyfully, for the Lord's dear sake, and for the salvation of precious souls.

In October 1923, Brother Rademacher attended the General Assembly at Kansas City as a delegate from the Peruvian

District. He carried with him a great burden for the work in Peru, and strove with great earnestness to set before the Missionary Board and the assembly a vision of the importance of this field and its pitiful needs.

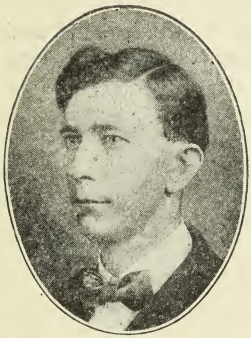
After the assembly he returned to Peru, but he was able to remain only a few short months. But during that brief period he inspired the other missionaries to earnest prayer, and he helped them to believe for the ultimate success of the mission. Their prayers did prevail, for the work in Peru was kept open, although for a time it seemed that it would be necessary to close it.

Because of failing health Brother Rademacher was obliged to leave the work that he loved so dearly when it seemed that he was just beginning a glorious missionary career.

Brother Rademacher returned to Nampa, Idaho. There he lingered for a few weeks before crossing the silent river. Those were weeks of glorious spiritual victory, when his soul was dwelling in Beulah land. But at last the summons came, and the soul of the devoted missionary departed to be "forever with the Lord."

It is hard for our finite minds to understand why a life so eminently useful should be cut off in its early prime, but the Lord in whose hands are the issues of life, and who knows the end from the beginning, has His wise purpose in each life. Blessed be the name of the Lord!

REV. J. D. FRANKLIN



This is another hero of the cross who has been summoned from the midst of his labors in Latin-America to receive a crown of everlasting life.

Rev. J. D. Franklin and wife were true pioneer missionaries. They came to Mexico with Rev. Stafford in 1908. They located first at Jalisco, where Brother Franklin helped to build a beautiful church and parsonage. But soon they were moved to the then new station at San Jeronimo where our missionary became the first pastor. He helped to erect a church and parsonage at that place also. At the outbreak of the Mexican revolution the Franklins, with the other missionaries, were forced to return to the United States.

In 1917 Rev. and Mrs. Franklin went to Coban, Guatemala, to assist the missionaries in that important station. After a year of faithful service in that place, the Franklins went to Salama where they opened a new station. This mission was soon organized into a Church of the Nazarene, with San Jeronimo as an outstation. Again Rev. Franklin became the first pastor of a new mission, and the work prospered greatly under his ministry.

But the good pastor was not able to resist the deadly malaria which infests the district of Baja Verapaz. His condition became serious. In 1921 Rev. and Mrs. Ingram came to relieve the Franklins who at once returned to the United

States. They went directly to the Sanitarium at Nampa, Idaho, where Brother Franklin fell asleep in Jesus, to be crowned on the glad resurrection morning.

Our translated missionaries still live in the transformed characters and the holy lives of numberless precious souls who have been saved under their ministry. May our last end be like theirs! Amen!

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